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BUT THEIR DESTINATION IS NOT DECIDED YET, BY D. D. FIELD, COUNSEL OF FISK, GOULD, TWEED, TILDEN, & CO.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1877.

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THE SETTLEMENT.

THE country is to be congratulated on the adoption of the Congressional plan of settlement. One of the greatest of political victories has been won in the passage of this measure. For we have shown our ability, in the very presence of a disputed Presidential succession without any existing remedy, to provide a simple and reasonable and lawful relief. All good citizens owe a great debt of gratitude to the members of the Congressional committees, and, we may add, especially to Senators EDMUNDS, CONKLING, and FRELINGHUYSEN, for their powerful advocacy of the measure. The speeches of Mr. EDMUNDS and of Mr. CONKLING were masterly. They not only demolished but pulverized the pretense that the vast power to decide a disputed Presidential election, and perhaps in his own favor, is intrusted by the Constitution to the President of the Senate. Mr. EDMUNDS, in his comprehensive speech, which was a most thorough and exhaustive analysis of the bill, and a conclusive plea for its adoption, tersely and finally disposed of the claim; while Mr. CONKLING, in an address which showed that however his bodily health may be affected by illness, his mental acuteness and vigor are untouched, amplified, illustrated, and enforced the argument, and destroyed the doctrine of the power of the President of the Senate as effectually as WEBSTER destroyed the dogma of secession.

That in this position they are sustained by the general good sense and judgment of Republicans, we believe. The response of the mass of patriotic and thoughtful citizens has been unmistakable. Privately and publicly the expression has been instant and commanding. But there is undoubtedly a strong partisan opposition to the Congressional plan. This is largely due to what is known as the "politician" class. Those who are interested in patronage see, in the decision of a tribunal which can not be foretold, a chance of defeat. Why they should be opposed to it is evident enough. But why honorable Republicans, who believe that the Republican candidate has been honestly and lawfully elected, should be unwilling—when the result is disputed, and no lawful settlement of the dispute exists—to submit the question to a fair tribunal, lawfully created for the purpose, is not clear. It is clear, of course, if it be maintained that there is no question, or that if there be, there is an indisputable constitutional remedy. But that is merely begging the question.

If we Republicans have lawfully carried Louisiana, why should it be supposed that we can not prove it to the tribunal? There is confessedly a question, and if we can not prove it to the tribunal, how do we propose to prove it to the country? Yet if we can not do it, Mr. MORTON himself has warned us of the peril and odium that will surround a President shorn of his moral power and believed to be a usurper. If Mr. HAYES has been lawfully elected—and Mr. CONKLING, one of the most strenuous and efficient advocates of the bill, frankly declares that he thinks he has been—it is surely better to have every body lawfully satisfied of the fact than half the country angrily denying it. And as no lawful means of satisfying the country exist, the proposition was simply that they be provided. If the CRONIN performance in Oregon be as monstrous as we Republicans believe it to be, why should we shrink from the inquiry into it of a fair tribunal? If it be denied that the tribunal can be fair, we point to the action of the Congressional committees as evidence that the most heated political partisans can be fair, and how much more a tribunal like that adopted!

Both Houses of Congress have passed the bill by significant and emphatic majorities. It was adopted by the Senate by a vote of 47 to 17, and by the House of Representatives by a vote of 191 to 86. Twenty-one Republican Senators voted for it, and sixteen against it. The list of those who sustained it contains the names of the most earnest and resolute Republicans. The *Times* speaks of them in both Houses as "weak but well-meaning," and as "the terrified Republicans." But if the question were to be considered one of party, and any Republican were asked whether the twenty-one or the sixteen in the Senate represented the conviction, courage, intelligence, and patriotism of the party, he would not long hesitate. But it is not a party question. The real fear was that it would be made so, that the mere force of party spirit, of vehement and passionate assertion of party discipline and drill and cowardice, would prevent a wise and calm and just solution. The action of Congress reflects the conviction of the country, and amply justifies the proud confidence of Americans in their government.

WHAT IS THE SURRENDER?

THE plan of settlement proposed by the Congressional committees has been denounced by some Republicans as a surrender. But a surrender by whom and of what? The reply is, a surrender of the claim of a lawfully elected Republican President to the clamor and menace of the Democratic party. This is substantially what Mr. MORTON said in replying to Mr. EDMUNDS, and it has been repeated, as if repetition made it truer or more forcible. The word surrender is also meant as a reproach of those who favor the settlement. But the denunciation of others as cowards is the cheapest of all sophistries to exalt one's own heroism. Let us see what the alleged surrender really is. The lawful choice of the voters for President can be known only in a lawful manner. So much will be conceded on all sides. Now there is no acknowledged lawful manner for ascertaining that choice in the case that has arisen. We know that Mr. MORTON now denies this. He says that he believes that Mr. HAYES has been elected, and that if he were counted in as eighteen Presidents have previously been, there would be no trouble. But unfortunately for Mr. MORTON, no one has more clearly shown that there has been no provision whatever made by the Constitution or the laws for the precise situation in which the late election left the country. He and those who agree with him in condemning the settlement proposed by the committees now, indeed, claim that the President of the Senate has the power under the Constitution to determine all questions. If this be not so, if he has not this power under the Constitution, Mr. MORTON and his friends do not pretend that there was any prescribed method of determining any question that might arise.

But this theory of the power of the President of the Senate is confessedly only a construction. It is denied and opposed by the entire Democratic party and, among others, by Mr. MORTON'S Republican associates Mr. EDMUNDS, Mr. CONKLING, and Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN, who as constitutional lawyers are certainly not inferior to Mr. MORTON. Moreover, the most eminent and authoritative commentators on the Constitution do not recognize a constitutional power reposed in the President of the Senate for so momentous a purpose. Chancellor KENT, in a familiar passage, states that "the Constitution does not expressly declare by whom the votes are to be counted." And he adds that he supposes in the lack of legislative provision the President of the Senate is to count. But this is a distinct admission that the question is to be settled by legislation. Judge STORY says:

> "No provision is made [in the Constitution] for the discussion or decision of any questions which may arise as to the regularity and authenticity of the returns of the electoral vote, or to the rights of the persons who gave the votes, or the manner or circumstances in which they ought to be counted. It seems to have been taken for granted that no question would arise on the subject, and nothing more was necessary than to open the certificates by the President of the Senate in the presence of both Houses, and to count the votes as returned."

This plainly defines Judge STORY'S view of the constitutional power of the President of the Senate in the ceremony of counting the votes. He says, with Chancellor KENT, that the Constitution does not provide for the manner in which they ought to be counted. In 1837 a committee of the Senate, composed of HENRY CLAY, SILAS WRIGHT, and FELIX GRUNDY, reported upon one of the questions mentioned by Judge STORY, as follows:

> "Should a case occur in which it became necessary to ascertain and determine upon the qualifications of electors of President and Vice-President of the United States, the important question would be presented, What tribunal would, under the Constitution, be competent to decide? Whether the respective colleges of electors in the different States should decide upon the qualifications of their own members, or Congress should exercise the power, is a question which the committee are of opinion ought to be settled by a permanent provision upon the subject."

These Whig and Democratic leaders agreed that there was no existing provision that could settle this question, and of course none of the other questions that have now arisen.

We do not recall a single eminent constitutional authority who claims that these immense and supreme powers over the decision of a Presidential election described by Judge STORY are conferred upon one man who may readily be only the creature of a party in the Senate. Nor has any Vice-President or President of the Senate ever assumed to exercise such powers; nor is it conceivable that Congress and the country would have submitted, had he done so. Every debate upon the subject, down to the recent grave excitement of the public mind, is the plain proof of what every intelligent political student knows—that the Constitution has not provided a method of settling a disputed Presidential succession. But it has authorized legislation to provide for it, and that is precisely what the committees proposed. Nobody demanded such legislation more strenuously than Mr. MORTON two years ago; nobody denounces it more vehemently than Mr. MORTON now, when the very situation which he described as most critical and without lawful relief is the situation in which we are.

The committees of the two Houses of Congress were appointed with the express purpose of devising a manner of counting the electoral vote which should be harmonious with the spirit of the Constitution and of the government. If they had recommended that the President of the Senate should exercise powers and an authority that he has never exercised hitherto—not because the occasion has not arisen, but because the warrant was not clear—doubtless Congress and the country would have acquiesced. But it would be futile to say that, whatever the proposition of the committees, there was really no question, and that he might have acted in precisely the same way without the consent of Congress, for his action would be authorized not by any express and indisputable grant of the Constitution, but by the authority of Congress. He would in fact be the agent of the two Houses, and the result would ratify the principle which the Constitution does not declare, but which practice has established, that the questions which may arise upon the points mentioned by Judge STORY are to be decided by Congress. And if the Constitutional Convention, supposing it to have foreseen such questions, had decided to provide for their settlement in the fundamental law, what method would it have proposed? It is a speculation, indeed, but upon a fair speculation of the kind the provision should be founded. Would the Convention, under the familiar circumstances which surrounded it, probably have committed the determination of the disputed Presidency of the United States to a single partisan officer without debate or appeal, or to the most impartial tribunal that could be established or that already existed? There seems to us to be but one reasonable reply to the question. A contest so vital in the last and final resort would have been committed to a judgment as far removed as possible from party heat and prejudice. To deduce, or infer, or imply, from a constitutional mandate to the President of the Senate to open all the certificates—which, as Mr. CONKLING shows, was part of a discarded plan for the election of President—the supreme and incontestable authority to decide the election of President of the United States, would be a proceeding at which even ALEXANDER HAMILTON and GOUVERNEUR MORRIS might stare.

This, however, is the utterly untenable theory of Mr. MORTON and his friends, and the only surrender that we see in the proposed settlement is the surrender of a theory which has no warrant in the Constitution, none among the most eminent constitutional authorities, and none in precedent or practice from the beginning of the government.

"REFORM" WITH A GREAT R.

REFORM is a beautiful word from Democratic lips. During the campaign the Democrats failed to tell the country precisely what would be done if they succeeded, but we might all be sure that they would take care of "Reform." The Republicans were very bad people. Mr. FERNANDO WOOD was constrained to say it, and a regard for truth compelled Messrs. COX, WILLIS, MORRISSEY, SPINOLA, KELLY, and others no longer to conceal the fact. Honesty, humanity, and liberty, but especially honesty, left a stricken country no resource but "TILDEN and Reform." The Democratic party was a kind of constellation of "Reform," or a prodigious comet, of which Mr. TILDEN was the nucleus, and Messrs. WOOD, RANDALL, COX, WILLIS, MORRISSEY—and CRONIN—were the far-shining tail. WELLS, of Louisiana, according to the gospel of "TILDEN and Reform," is too great a knave to be mentioned patiently. But CRONIN, of Oregon, is the hope of "Reform." "Reform" requires above all things "the will of the people," "the face of the returns," and "an honest count." Murders, maimings, whippings, burnings, and general terror and intimidation are things of naught to "Reform," but "the will of the people" and "the face of the returns" are indispensable.

In Louisiana there were forty political murders in one parish; there was intimidation as flagrant and undeniable, as we have before said, as Turkish barbarities in Bulgaria; and because the vote of parishes so terrorized and coerced was thrown out by the Returning Board—a proceeding undeniably lawful, whatever else may be said of it—the Democrats shrieked as if "Reform" were slain. It is confessedly a question whether there was a free and fair election in Louisiana or in Mississippi, South Carolina or Florida; but because "the face of the returns" is not admitted to be conclusive, the friends of "TILDEN and Reform" refuse to be comforted. Now in Oregon there was no question whatever that the election was perfectly free and fair, and that "the face of the returns" elected the Republicans as indisputably as in New York it elected the Democrats. But not one of the Republicans so elected has been returned, and the friends of "TILDEN and Reform" are not in the least discomposed.

Later developments and testimony reveal a still larger R in "Reform." It appears that on the day before GROVER gave the certificate to CRONIN, and CRONIN elected his two associates, a nephew and agent of Mr. TILDEN went to a bank of which that gentleman is a director and large stockholder, and procured a check for eight thousand dollars in favor of well-known persons in Oregon. This nephew had no account at the bank, and had deposited no collateral, but on the evening of the day before the check was drawn and the CRONIN performance took place, Mr. W. L. SCOTT, of the Democratic National Committee, told the cashier that he would "back" the nephew to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. Here is "Reform" with the largest possible R, and the most painful anxiety for honesty and purity, and above all, for "the face of the returns" and the majesty of the expressed will of the people. The solemn appeal to be just and fear not comes with immense weight from those who are so bent upon

"Reform" that if they can not drag their candidate into office by respecting "the face of the returns" in Louisiana, they will try to do it by rejecting "the face of the returns" in Oregon.

SENATOR HOAR.

THE election of GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR as Senator from Massachusetts is a victory for honest politics upon which the country is to be congratulated. Mr. HOAR is a man of the highest character, of great ability, and of large legislative experience. He is also a man of strong convictions, of unquailing courage, quite able to go alone with his sense of duty, of a scornful superiority to all political jobbery and intrigue, and, like his brother, the late Attorney-General, a characteristic representative of the sturdy political morality of New England. We have often heard CHARLES SUMNER say that he hoped GEORGE HOAR would be his successor. His election at the present time has peculiar significance. Occurring on the day of the publication of the report of the conference committee, it was a most emphatic approval by Republican Massachusetts of the method proposed for relief from a situation for which the Constitution and laws make no provision. This is of itself a happy augury. But this is not all. Mr. HOAR's election was vehemently, bitterly opposed by General BUTLER and the entire BUTLER party, including the Collector of Boston and so much of the office-holding interest as he could command.

General BUTLER's opposition was natural. Mr. HOAR and his brother represent the Republicanism of Massachusetts which is radically hostile to Butlerism. They were the leaders in the State Convention which defeated General BUTLER's attempt to procure the nomination for the Governor's chair, and at the late election Judge ROCKWOOD HOAR opposed General BUTLER as a candidate for Congress. In the late Senatorial contest, unfortunately for Mr. BOUTWELL, he was known to be General BUTLER's candidate. The Collector, who is a faithful political ally of the general's, marshaled all his forces for Mr. BOUTWELL. The situation was the more interesting because General BUTLER is the most contemptuous enemy of a reform of the civil service; Mr. BOUTWELL sincerely believes the present strict partisan system to be both sensible and American; and Collector SIMMONS is a creation and illustration of the system of office-holding control of politics. Mr. HOAR, on the other hand, is a sagacious and vigorous friend of reform. One of the best speeches of the late campaign was a speech of his in support of the position of Governor HAYES upon the subject. The contest came. The BUTLER interest and the Custom-house strained every nerve. But down they went in one common rout and defeat, and the election of Mr. HOAR not only signalizes approval of his personal character, ability, and service—not only sustains his support of the proposed plan of settlement of the Presidential question—but rebukes Butlerism and asserts the wisdom of reform in the civil service. For all these reasons the election of Mr. HOAR is most gratifying and encouraging.

Personally, however, there will be much sympathy for Mr. BOUTWELL. For many years he has been conspicuously in public life, and noted always for the simplicity of his habits and the integrity of his character. But he has forfeited political sympathy by what was felt to be bitter and narrow partisanship, although his political sincerity could not be questioned, and by association with the BUTLER kind of politicians and their tendencies and courses. It is by these that he has been defeated, and the result of the election is to be regarded as a triumph of that spirit in the Republican party which commends it to the sympathy and support of patriotic and intelligent citizens as the political organization to which the paramount interests of the whole country may be most safely confided.

A SERMON FOR THE TIMES.

THE recent exposures in regard to Mr. SWAN and the Security Life-insurance Company are mainly valuable to the general public as signs of a moral condition for which laws afford no security. "Who can be trusted now?" is the instinctive exclamation when some well-known and unsuspected person turns out to have stolen money confided to his care, and it illustrates the real trouble. It is a betrayal of trust, a breach of honor. And while it is evident that the law may be so framed as to include and punish the offenders, it is no less true that the offense is a sign of something beyond the power of courts and prisons to correct. The remedy is moral. It is, indeed, largely individual. It must be undertaken privately, and, like charity, it begins at home. All business, whether of life-insurance or any other, proceeds upon good faith. Laws enabling one man to sue another for cheating him in collecting premiums upon a policy or for selling sanded sugar, and laws which should enable him not only to recover his money but to punish the thief, would not induce people to venture their money with others if they believed them to be dishonest. It is confidence in the general honesty that makes any kind of business involving credit or confidence possible.

But if laws, however detailed and stringent and penal, can not produce that faith, when it is seriously shocked, what can be done? When the only question is, "Who next?" is there no remedy? Is it not first of all to ascertain the occasion of the offense, to discover why it is that trusted men betray their trusts? Careful observation of this class of cases, making due allowance for sheer rascality, shows that the offender is not at first intentionally vicious. He does not mean to steal, but "circumstances" draw him on from point to point until he is in full career of theft, forgery, concealment, and falsehood. Similar observation shows that in a very large number of such cases the object for which the crime begins is to maintain a certain rate of living. In other words, such offenses abound in times of great extravagance and profuse expense. The fear of exposure and of disgraceful punishment is not so powerful as the passion to "keep up." And for this moral condition the obvious remedy is not penal laws: it is the repression of extravagance and idle luxury by individual refusal to countenance it.

It is a perversion of this truth which is the philosophy of such stories as VICTOR HUGO's *Les Misérables*. The novelist holds society responsible for crime. And however unsatisfactory and untrue the bald statement may be, there is no question that a general spirit of wasteful profusion and costly show tends to a general demoralization, of which all kinds of breaches of trust are the symptoms. It is in this sense, also, that the preacher would say that every man is the keeper of his brother. The old thrifty maxim, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," expresses a general social truth. For if individuals take care of themselves, society will be cared for. The way to correct the extravagance of society, which leads to the sore temptation and crime that shock all confidence, is to correct the individual indulgence in it, which is entirely within the control of the Sir or Madame who reads this little sermon. As each individual restrains himself, society, the aggregate of individuals, will be restrained, and the temptation of the exposed brethren will be diminished. And this individual action will be found a very useful auxiliary to sharper laws and stronger prisons.

MR. TILDEN AND CONFEDERATE BONDS.

A "HIGH government officer" has received a letter, dated in London, December 30, which says:

"On Wednesday, November 8, the day after our election, all dispatches in the London morning and evening newspapers, and many dispatches to private parties, said Mr. TILDEN was elected President of the United States by a very large majority. On the 9th Confederate bonds began to be quoted, and continued to be until the 11th ult. Your cable to me, received on the 11th ult., saying, "HAYES is probably elected," was the first information received of a change in the status. This dispatch I at once communicated to the most important bankers and brokers, and also to the United States ministers at London and Paris. In the newspapers of Sunday, the 12th ult., there was a short article saying that a dispatch had been received at the United States legation stating that Mr. HAYES was probably elected, and on the 13th dispatches appeared in all the morning papers expressing doubts as to which candidate was elected, but favoring Mr. HAYES. After this announcement no further quotation of Confederate bonds appeared. The Stock Exchange would not allow any official quotation, but the fact of sales being made appeared in the morning articles of the different papers. Sales were made both in London and Liverpool, and to show that it was generally known throughout Europe, Messrs. ROTHSCHILD informed me that a party in Germany sent them $5000 to sell. I consulted several of the leading bankers and brokers, and they informed me that it would be difficult to tell the exact figure; but all agreed that the highest price was 4½ to 5, or thereabouts. Most of the parties could not give the date in any other way than by saying it was two or three days after the election. Others said, November 9, 10, or 11."

Mr. TILDEN published a letter just before the election in which he declared that, if elected, he should veto any proposition to pay what are called rebel claims. But it is not at all surprising that Confederate bonds should have been put upon the market when Mr. TILDEN's election was announced, and for two reasons. One is that his election could have been accomplished only by "a united South" against a virtually united North; and the other, that Mr. TILDEN, in his letter to WILLIAM KENT, just before the election of 1860, maintained the Southern or secession theory of the Union and government, and has never publicly renounced it. It is therefore certainly not surprising that the election by the late secession vote, suppressing the Republican vote in its States by force, of a candidate who holds the secession theory of the government, should infuse activity into Confederate bonds.

The secession theory of the Union is that it is a treaty or partnership at the will of the partners. Mr. TILDEN said, in the KENT letter:

"They [the authors of the Constitution] recognized no right of constitutional secession, but they left revolution organized whenever it should be demanded by the public opinion of a State—left it with power to snap the tie of confederation as a nation might break a treaty, and to repel coercion as a nation might repel invasion."

Mr. TILDEN's theory of the Union is that it is a "tie of confederation" in the nature of a treaty. If he meant only that the Union can be dissolved by adequate force, he said nothing to his purpose, for WEBSTER would not have disputed that assertion. What he said and what he meant is obvious. And it is only natural that those who agree with him, and their European friends, should have regarded his supposed election as their victory.

A CORRECTION.

IN speaking of the bill reported by the Congressional committees for counting the electoral vote, we carelessly called it a law which would stand until repealed. The *Times* promptly pointed out the error, which we promptly acknowledge. Our article showed, however, that we regarded the plan as provisional, pending a thorough consideration and settlement of a satisfactory scheme for the election of President.

PERSONAL.

ONE of JOHN BROWN's sons is practicing law in San Bernardino, California. The widow and other members of the family are still marching on comfortably in the northern part of that State.

—At the festival of Holy Innocents, December 28, at Westminster Abbey, Dean STANLEY said: "I once knew a very famous man, who lived to be very old—who lived to be eighty-eight. He was always the delight of those about him. He always stood up for what was right. His eye was like an eagle's when it flashed fire at what was wrong. And how early do you think he began to do this? I have an old grammar which belonged to him, all tattered and torn, which he had when a little boy at school, and what do you think I found written in his own hand in the very first page? Why, these words: 'Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, to silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.' That was his rule all through life, and he was loved and honored down to the day when he was carried to his grave."

—The 200th anniversary of the death of SPINOZA will be celebrated at the Hague on the 21st of the present month. M. ERNEST RENAN has accepted the invitation of the Spinoza Committee to deliver a lecture in that town on the celebrated Dutch philosopher. SPINOZA was born a Jew, but abandoned that religion, and came near being assassinated for it. Then he went to Leyden and made lenses for a livelihood, living with great frugality. After he had written a few philosophical works which brought him into notice, the Elector Palatine offered him the chair of philosophy at Heidelberg, provided he would not write any thing against the established religion; but the old gentleman thought he wouldn't do that, and so kept on in independent poverty.

—An old personal friend of Dr. SCHLIEMANN, residing in this city, describes him as being about five feet nine inches high, rather stout, with a full, round, unshaven face, and wears the air and clothes of a successful merchant. There is nothing of the professor about him, and his ordinary look and talk are more those of a business man and banker who has successfully fought his way in the world than of an enthusiast in exploration, whose private joy is to dig and delve in hope of finding out something about a lot of historical people who have long been very dead, and most of whom left unsavory reputations—people as unlike the doctor as a "scientific gent" is unlike a Sioux Indian. The doctor started in life as a porter at $100 a year, and when officiating as a lifter learned Italian of a fellow-clerk, giving him Spanish in exchange; then he bought a Russian grammar and learned Russian; next he travelled to Russia with a conspicuous Russian; afterward he staid four years in Russia and made $400,000; then off to California, where in a few years more he swelled his fortune to a million. He now appears before a delighted world as the champion digger, and will go down to posterity among the A1 people of the time.

—Hon. JAMES E. BAILEY, just elected to the United States Senate from Tennessee for the term expiring in 1881, has seen some public service, having served in the Legislature from 1852 to 1859. He is said to be a man of broad, liberal views, and has the ability to make his mark in the Senate.

—*Daniel Deronda* has been dramatized by a bold Californian, and will soon be produced at a theatre in San Francisco. The novel still continues in active demand.

—Hon. ALVIN SAUNDERS, the newly elected United States Senator from Nebraska, is a Kentuckian by birth, sixty years old. When about twenty-one he moved to Iowa, and at twenty-nine became a member of the Constitutional Convention by which that State was admitted into the Union. In this important assembly, as a few years later when serving in the State Senate for two terms, his uncompromising motto was, "No more slave territory." While yet a State Senator, President LINCOLN called upon Mr. SAUNDERS to take the position of Governor of Nebraska Territory, this being one of the first appointments of the martyr President, and it is unnecessary to add that the arduous duties of Mr. SAUNDERS's new position were performed most loyally. The new United States Senator has always been a true and faithful Republican, and was a member of the Chicago Convention which resulted in giving the country ABRAHAM LINCOLN for President. Governor SAUNDERS has been frequently spoken of for the United States Senatorship, and in giving him it now the State of Nebraska not only pays a debt of gratitude, but honors herself and benefits her country.

—Clearly the best account of the recent duel in which two young gentlemen thirsted for gore is that given by a very grave business man of this city, Mr. LAWRENCE R. JEROME. After being sworn, he stated to the Grand Jury that he was interviewed by reporters in bed before he got off his night-cap, was shadowed by them as if he were a great criminal, was interrupted by them when raising to his mouth the consolatory cocktail, and interrogated by them at the moment when partaking of the strengthening potato and the invigorating chop. "Mr. Foreman," said he, "while I really knew nothing about the affair, I kept furnishing the reporters with most of the news that filled the papers relating to the duel. They persisted that I had something to do with arranging the preliminaries for the fight, and knowing that it was bread and butter to the reporters, and that they were paid by the yard for all such exciting information, I furnished them with principals and seconds on every occasion when asked. I did this, I repeat, for the benefit of the reporters mainly. I assure you, Mr. Foreman, I didn't know the first thing about the duel, but they would insist upon it that I knew all about it. I am glad the affair is brought to a close; I am glad to be here to relieve my mind and the public on this very exciting subject. I am a man of peace; I am a respecter of the laws of the land; I would not counsel the shedding of blood in any other way except according to law and the doctors. There are some bloody-minded men in the community, but I am not one of them. I hope, Mr. Foreman, you are satisfied that I am a law-abiding citizen, and opposed to the use of fire-arms except in case of defense and invasion. If you have done with me, Mr. Foreman, I would like to retire and resume my pleasant occupation in Wall Street, where I will be most happy to see any member of the Grand Inquest and to attend to any business in my line to the entire satisfaction of all parties." Mr. JEROME withdrew, and the Grand Jury joined in roars of laughter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: Mr. Blaine appeared in the Senate, January 22, and took the oath, and a certificate of the election of Mr. Rollins by the New Hampshire Legislature was presented. Senator Morton spoke in opposition to the Joint Commission Electoral Bill, and Senator Frelinghuysen in its favor. In the House, a motion to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit the payment of rebel war claims failed of the necessary two-thirds vote. The President sent a message in response to a resolution calling for copies of orders referring to the employment of troops in certain Southern States since August last. On motion of Mr. Wood, a committee was appointed to inquire whether there was any exercise of authority not warranted by the laws, for which the President is responsible. Mr. Frye introduced a bill to establish a court, to consist of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, with six district or circuit justices, for the trial of contested Presidential election cases.—On the 23d, the debate on the Electoral Bill was resumed, Senator Sherman speaking against the measure, and Senator Conkling in support of it. In the House, Mr. Cox made a report on Mr. Hewitt's charges against the New York Post-office, completely vindicating the Post-office authorities, and declaring that Mr. Hewitt's letters had not been tampered with.—In the Senate, on the 24th, the discussion of the Electoral Bill was resumed, and continued through the night until seven o'clock on the morning of the 25th, when the decisive vote was taken. Senator Conkling finished his speech begun the day before, and Senator Sargent spoke against the bill. Senator Dawes moved an amendment, which he subsequently withdrew, "that no petition, exception, or other paper shall be considered by said commissioners which has for its object to dispute or draw into question the number of votes given for an elector in any of the States, or the fact whether any elector was chosen by a majority of the votes of his State." Senator Morton offered an amendment prohibiting the commission from going behind the action of a returning board established by any State law. Mr. Edmunds offered an amendment to that, striking out the negative and authorizing the commission to go behind the findings. This was rejected by 61 to 1, and Mr. Morton's amendment by 47 to 18. Mr. Sargent submitted an amendment providing that the commission should sit with open doors, except in consultation on pending questions, which was rejected. After a running debate, the bill was passed by yeas 47 and nays 17. On the 25th the same bill was taken up by the House and referred to the Committee on Electoral Votes, who at once reported it back, after which the debate opened. On the 26th the House passed the bill by a vote of 191 to 86.—In the Senate, on the 24th, the credentials of Mr. Windom, re-elected from Minnesota, J. E. Bailey, elected from Tennessee, to succeed Mr. Key, and Isham G. Harris, from the same State, to succeed Mr. Cooper, were presented. In the House, the resolutions of the special committee on the powers and privileges of the House in counting the electoral vote were taken up, but no action was reached.

Judge David Davis, of Illinois, was elected, January 25, United States Senator, by a vote of 101 to 99; and Mr. Ben Hill was elected Senator from Georgia on the 26th.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A DISPATCH from Berlin to the London *Times* reports that the Russian government has given orders to prepare for calling out the third division of the reserves, which includes all able-bodied men. It has also ordered the railway companies to furnish exact lists of the rolling stock, rails, and other material at their immediate disposal, and has requested railway directors to recommend foreign firms which are likely to supply railway material promptly.

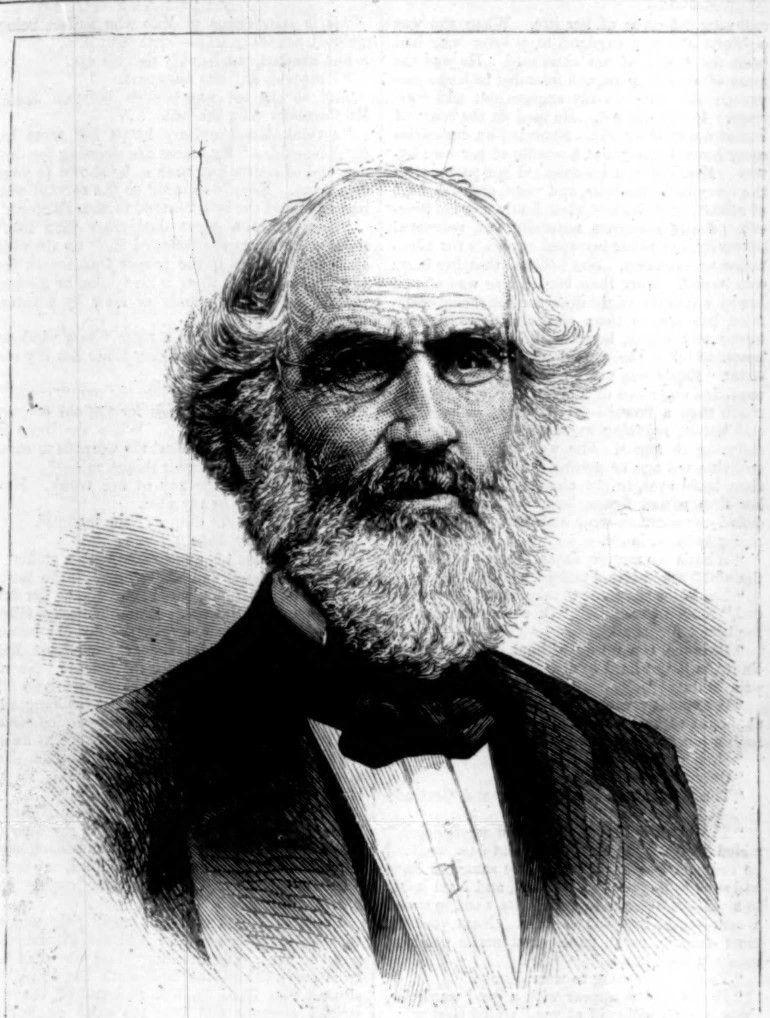
The British steamer *Lotus* left New Haven, January 22, for Constantinople, carrying rifles and ammunition for the Turkish government, as follows: 70,000 Martini-Henry rifles, bayonets, and scabbards, 1000 Winchester guns, 10,000,000 cartridges, 15,002,400 Martini shells, 15,000,000 bullets, and 50,000,000 gun wads. The value of the cargo is $1,769,100.

Late advices from Mexico state that President Diaz is now in possession of the entire republic, excepting Sinaloa and Chihuahua. Ex-President Lerdo has embarked for San Francisco.

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies, January 23, during the debate on a bill against the abuses of power by the clergy, the Minister of Worship and Justice made an important statement. He declared that the law concerning the papal guarantees was a solemn and unassailable pledge given to the Catholic world of the Pope's complete independence in the exercise of his spiritual power. Italy ought to regard the maintenance of this law as a question of honor and of loyalty toward Europe. He was determined to respect the law, and would not allow the political friends of the ministry to entertain any illusions in this respect. The bill was passed by a vote of 150 to 100. Its most important clause makes it penal to publish writings proceeding from any clerical authority censuring the laws of the state.

UNCLE SAM'S POSITION.

"OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES, AND SEE WHAT IT WILL BRING YOU."



THADDEUS FAIRBANKS.—[Photographed by D. A. Clifford, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.]

CYRUS H. M'CORMICK.—Photographed by H. Rocher, Chicago.—[See Page 106.]

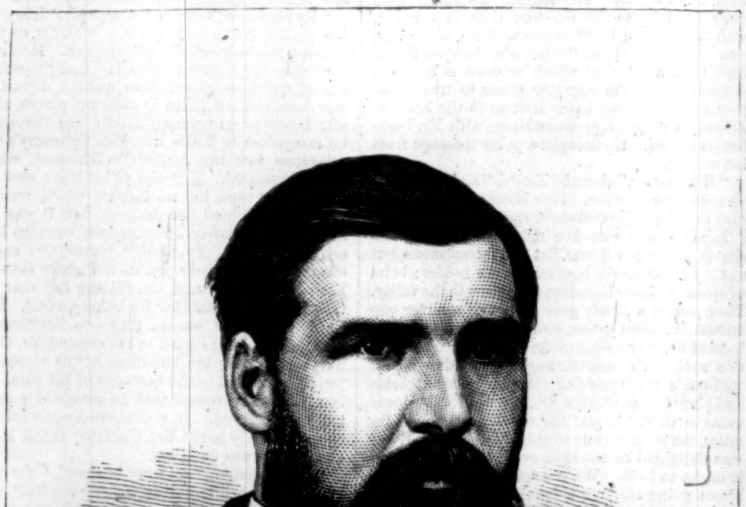
AMERICAN INVENTORS.

THADDEUS FAIRBANKS.

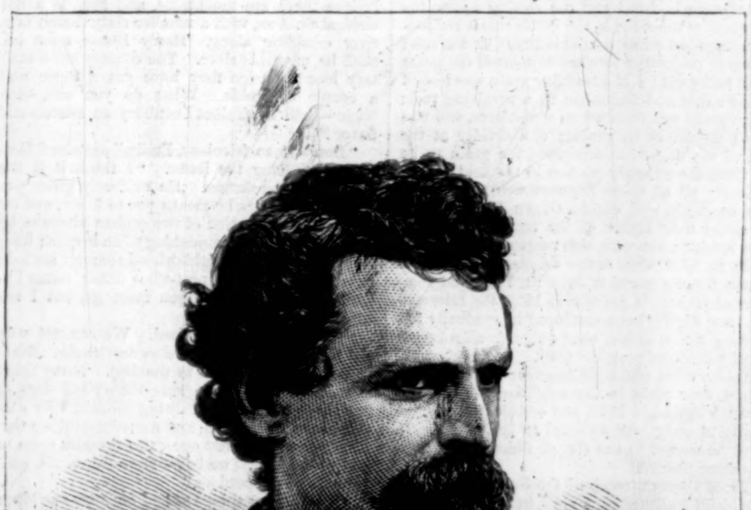
The old Roman *statero*, the modern steelyard, has always been a very compact form of weighing-machine, the sliding weight on the longer arm of the lever serving to balance articles of various weights suspended from the end of the shorter arm. The weigh-master's beam is yet a very convenient form, but the instrument had received no very material improvement for two thousand years, until the platform scale was invented by Thaddeus Fairbanks in 1830.

Thaddeus Fairbanks was born at Brimfield, Massachusetts, in 1796, where his father was a farmer. At the age of nineteen he removed to St. Johnsbury, Vermont, where his elder brother, the Hon. Erastus Fairbanks, late Governor of Vermont, had previously settled. Here they engaged in carriage-building and the manufacture of agricultural implements and stoves, until 1829–30, when the culture of hemp became very prevalent in New York and Vermont. The difficulty of weighing the long bundles of hemp brought in by the farmers for sale to the country merchants set Thaddeus Fairbanks to devising a better mode, and the result was a scale in which the load was deposited on a broad open platform resting at several points upon the shorter arms of levers whose longer ends are connected by an upright rod with a horizontal graduated beam furnished with sliding and attachable weights. This compound lever scale was patented by Fairbanks in 1831.

A certain amount of success came at once, but the present proximate perfection of the machine was only gained by constant improvements, while the commercial success kept pace with the improvement. One was a measure of and a helper to the other: as they made them better, they sold the more, and the successful sales furnished the means for more scrupulously correct work, even after there seemed to be little hope of radically improved structural form. The business, started as E. & T. Fairbanks & Co. by the brothers Erastus, Thaddeus, and Joseph P., has always held the same title, though Thaddeus alone survives of the three brothers. The name is now an emblem of correctness the mercantile world over, and has done much to increase the national credit for fair dealing, and at the Vienna Fair, in 1873, Mr. Fairbanks received the Cross of the Imperial



S. B. PACKARD.—Photographed by Theo. Lilienthal, New Orleans.—[See Page 106.]



FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS.—Photographed by Theo. Lilienthal, New Orleans.—[See Page 106.]

Order of Francis Joseph. The scales, of four hundred kinds, range from the delicate balances used in the United States Mint to a canal-boat scales having a capacity for weighing three hundred tons. The yearly production is about sixty thousand scales, and the value $2,000,000—made to suit the different standards of all the principal nations of the world.

St. Johnsbury, Vermont, may seem to be rather an out-of-the-way place for so large a business, but it is a commendable thing to make the spectators of one's success the sharers in its benefits. The isolated little hamlet, in the nearly fifty years which have elapsed since the auspicious hemp fever, has acquired the epithet of "the model village," from the liberal improvement and ornamentation it has received. The proprietors of the works have withstood the prevailing tendency to group the important manufactories in large towns near tide-water. The place is a garden, with cottages and occasional more pretentious dwellings. The academy, built in the Tudor style, shelters one hundred of the more advanced pupils from the grammar school of the village. The Athenæum contains a choice library, spacious reading-room, and lecture hall, open to all. Galleries for paintings and for sculpture have been added, and nothing seems to be wanting: intellectual food, clear air, and good appetites; many of the amenities and opportunities of the city with the freedom of the country, the plenty of the valley and the salubrity of the mountain; peace and industry, mutual confidence—no strikes, no lock-outs; a whole community basking in the prosperity of a firm whose honored head yet survives to enjoy the sight of his success in the lives and homes of his neighbors.

CYRUS H. M'CORMICK.

Cyrus Hall M'Cormick, born February 15, 1809, was the son of a farmer of good property, living in Rockbridge County, Virginia, the county deriving its name from the remarkable natural bridge beneath which Cedar Creek runs. His father and mother were both natives of the State of Virginia, and of Scotch-Irish descent.

In the year 1816 the elder M'Cormick made a reaping-machine, which was used in the harvest of that year, and was fairly successful where the grain stood up straight and untangled; but it was unequal to the work when the grain was lodged, and, after many unsatisfactory attempts, was eventually abandoned, the last trial taking place in 1831, in the presence of his son Cyrus, who was then a young man of twenty-two years of age. The machine of the elder M'Cormick (1816–31) was pushed along in front of the horses, like the Scotch machine of Bell (1826), and had several features, not necessary here to recapitulate, which have been entirely abandoned. The cause of his father's ill success seems to have occurred to Cyrus, and he struck out in a new path, making a machine which embodied the principal features of the harvester of the present day. The young man's first machine was so hurriedly built that it was used in the same year (1831) which witnessed the last trial of his father's machine, the new *reciprocating cutting knife* being tried in a field of rye, and, with the addition of the *gathering reel* and a better *divider*, in a field of late oats the same season.

The features of this machine were, 1, the horses were in front and the cutting apparatus projected at the side; 2, the cutter was a reciprocating straight sickle, moved laterally by a crank; 3, fingers projecting forward supported the grain while being cut; 4, the standing grain was leaned to the sickle and finger-bar by a revolving reel; 5, the grain was received on a platform, and was raked therefrom in gavels; 6, a divider at the end of the finger-bar separated the grain to be cut from the standing portion in the field.

Nearly all of these features were original in this machine, and entitle Cyrus M'Cormick to be called the "father of the reaping-machine." The inventor cut with this reaper fifty acres of grain in 1832 with entire success. He took a patent for the machine June 21, 1834, and commenced making it for sale in 1839, the intervening time having been employed in gradually improving the machine, each summer affording a short period for practical tests.

Public trials of the M'Cormick and Hussey machines were made in the neighborhood of Richmond, Virginia, in 1843, and certificates of superiority in every case awarded to M'Cormick. In 1847 he moved to the city of Chicago, where he has since resided.

Mr. M'Cormick received the Gold Medal of the American Institute, New York, in 1845; the Council Medal for the most valuable article contributed to the World's Fair, London, in 1851; the Grand Gold Medal of the Paris Exposition; the Grand Gold Medal, after nine days' trial, at Syracuse, New York, in 1857; the Prize Medal at the London International Exhibition, 1862; medals at Hamburg, Germany, and Leeds (England), in 1863; and in 1868, the personal decoration of Chevalier of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honor.

Becoming a member of the Presbyterian Church in 1834, he has taken an active part in church extension. In 1859 he founded and endowed the "Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the Northwest," and has made large donations to the Union Theological Seminary of Virginia. On questions of denominational policy he wields a vigorous pen, and in 1872 became the proprietor of the *Interior*, a religious journal published in the interests of the Presbyterian Church, with the intention of making it a first-class journal irrespective of schools, and without regard to expense or profit.

The manufacture of the M'Cormick reaping-machines is one of the important interests of the city of Chicago. The factory, commencing with small beginnings in 1847, now covers twenty-one acres, and 15,000 machines are manufactured yearly.

THE TWO GOVERNORS.

On page 105 our readers will find the portraits of Mr. S. B. Packard, the Republican Governor of Louisiana, and Mr. Francis T. Nicholls, the Democratic claimant, who, like General Wade Hampton in South Carolina, has set up a State government of his own, on the assumption that he has been legally elected, and that the action of the Returning Board was fraudulent.

Both Governors were inaugurated on the 8th of January, Governor Packard having been legally elected, according to the decision of the Returning Board, and having the *prestige* inherent in the position transferred by the out-going Governor. Each proclaimed a determination to maintain his authority. Governor Packard had the benefit of the organization administered by Governor Kellogg, while the Democratic claimant was obliged to organize a police force of his own. The Democratic minority of the Legislature, organizing by itself, proceeded to create a Canvassing Board to recount the vote of the State, and at once proceeded to carry out the Democratic programme in the manner already familiar to our readers. The situation is critical, but, pending the result of the investigation ordered by Congress, the firmness and moderation of General Augur, commanding the national forces in Louisiana, have thus far prevented an outbreak of hostilities between the two parties.

GOING AS GOVERNESS.

An open letter in her hand, Emily Fairford entered the room where her sister was, exclaiming,

"Henly House, District of Gaspé, Canada! A coat of arms on the paper. Sounds well, Gertrude, hey?"

"Much good will a coat of arms do you," her sister replied—"the shield of slavery. Do you remember when we were travelling and met that Englishwoman, who said, when she saw us with a copy of *Jane Eyre*, that English mothers tabooed that novel because Rochester married his governess instead of Lady Blanche? Society ought not to tolerate such principles. And you propose going into an English family as a governess. You will rue it."

"Yes, I remember her husband too, who added to his wife's speech his insolent one: 'No governess for me, ma'am; you can't treat them like ladies, and they won't consent to be treated like servants.' Gertrude, I am going to Henly House as an intelligent machine. I'll be objective. I am made to order, as Taine says, and will assume a wooden face and demeanor like a soldier on parade; nobody shall find me out, nobody shall go one inch beyond the limit of my salary, which I intend to earn honestly, thus: 'Have you the hammer of the captain's uncle, the carpenter?' 'Do you go to town to-day?' 'If the angle of incidence is'—I don't know what. If you please, I will finish my letter."

"Teachers—the modern army of martyrs," muttered Gertrude. "I am glad I am too ignorant to teach."

Emily handed the letter to her, and while she read it, took out an atlas and studied the map of Canada.

"Now here is Gaspé Bay," she said, "and I do believe there are mountains, and here is a dot marked St. Ann, with a number sixty thread of a river crinkling along. Henly House must be, shall be, near this river. The country has a solitary look; I hope they have got a moor and a couple of wolds. What do you say, Gertrude—hath not Talbot Cornbury an aristocratic flavor?"

"Don't be so frivolous, Emily," answered Gertrude, refolding the letter. "I think it is the letter of a gentleman. He evidently gives you all the particulars he means you to know, and no more. The education of two orphan nieces to be continued; his wife something of an invalid; himself a recluse; the neighborhood sparsely settled; church five miles off, post-office ditto; terms liberal. Well, I suppose you must go, but I am sorry."

"Stuff, Gertrude Fairford. We can not subsist on the husks of *better days* any longer. Mother must open her eyes to the fact. Every thing is wearing out. I am sure the spindle-legs of our silver tea-pot are growing thinner. By constant care, calculation, and measurement we contrive to keep up; but one extra demand upon us and where should we be?—stranded on the lonely shore of pauperdom."

"You do put things so! I am sure our place, the eggs and chickens we sell—and there will be an immense crop of turnips this fall."

"Pah! you are chicken-hearted about our future; and as for turnips, they are a beautiful diet, as good as stewed tissue-paper. No, I long to sit at rich men's feasts, and not to be obliged to count on the re-appearance of meats. 'Revenons à nos moutons' is a saying of painful significance to me; also, 'Cut and come again.'"

"You will have to abate your proverbial philosophy when you are at Henly House. Indeed, you really talk slang, Emily."

"Slang is the English fashion. Here comes mother, pillar of the Fairford dignity, representative of the *has been*."

As Mrs. Fairford came in, Emily made a feint of rattling money between her palms, exclaiming, "Now for a grand council, mother. Sit ye down."

The little family made a pleasant trio. The old lady was filled with the importance of her past, into which every thing except her daughters and her home had sunk—husband, position, worldly friends, influence, and money. Gertrude considered herself settled in life, and boldly proclaimed herself an old maid. Emily, too, was long ahead of her teens; they were at the foot of the long hill up which she was climbing, and when she looked down upon them, what a swarming chaotic heap! One episode stood apart, the crowning influence of her life. When she was eighteen she was engaged to a lover who had been the friend of her childhood. He was the mate of an Indiaman, and intended to make one voyage only between his engagement and marriage. It was his last. He died on the coast of Sumatra with the fever. Some Indian curiosities came home for her, and a bundle of her own letters. Mrs. Fairford ornamented her parlor with the ivory balls, the cups, and vases, and was fond of relating their history when Emily was not present. Emily sorrowed naturally and recovered naturally, but never betrayed any wish for admiration or attention. She believed that her heart was buried. More than one chance was offered her by which she might dethrone her sacred memories, but she let them slip, sometimes with remorse and regret, because it had been in her power to better the condition of her mother and sister. Emily was not a beautiful woman. She reminded one more of a green, hardy, flourishing shrub than a flower—firmly rooted in her ideas and habits, rejoicing in sunshine, vigorous and enduring in storm. She was quite capable of outliving old age, or getting the best of it. Her clear hazel eyes, bright abundant chestnut hair, her firm robust figure, beautiful supple hands, defied our common wear and tear. She was the ruling spirit at home.

"What's the matter, dears; there's a flurry in the air?" asked Mrs. Fairford.

"The letter has come to take her to the world's end," replied Gertrude. "Of course the farther the better for us all."

"Dear me, can we do without her? My dear Emily, is it not hard to discover and define such painful duty?"

"Let us not preach, ma," said Emily. "Look at the air escapes in your black silk! Oh, I saw such a lovely silk yesterday to suit you."

"How much a yard?"

"Only three dollars."

"Three dollars!" Mrs. Fairford and Gertrude shrieked.

"The clerk told me that silks were rising," added Emily. "In six weeks from date we shall be compelled to pay four for the same. I have had such a liberal offer, mammy, and I am going to a pri—palace, where I shall not want to spend a cent—right into the country. Next year we must shingle, paint, paper, and make our nest lovely in our old age."

"You have nothing to wear, Emily."

"If you do not appear with a good wardrobe, those women will sniff at you," added Gertrude.

All groaned in chorus, and were beset as to the ways and means of an outfit.

"I must sell something," said Mrs. Fairford at last. "Old Bendell offered me a hundred dollars for the lot next his, and I will send him word he may have it."

Happily old Bendell followed his summons, and being, as he affirmed, a friend of the family, paid the money down, and the women went to work with a "pleasing pain." It was so long since fresh and stylish garments had been permitted either. With this modest sum and much sewing a neat outfit was prepared, and when Emily on the morning of her departure donned a silver-gray suit with a black velvet trimming, she looked so pretty that she could not resist a sudden flow of good spirits. Mrs. Fairford and Gertrude admired her with tears of love and regret. So Emily rode away from home for the first time in her life, with the world all before her, and her place chosen. At the close of the day she reached Gaspé Bay, took a steamer which crossed it and left passengers on the opposite shore to travel farther on the various roads leading to the interior. A man in plain livery was waiting with Mr. Cornbury's wagon. He brought a polite message from his master.

"His master," thought Emily, "and mine too; we are fellow-menials. How these things make us look into the old questions of rights and equality!"

Henly House was five miles inland. By the shores of the bay it was flat and monotonous, but as they drove on the landscape grew bolder; belts of splendid firs or immense oaks grew in the valley. They passed a lovely gray lake, like a silver cup amidst the deep green, and then low mountains loomed up. In a deep gorge Emily heard the roar of a water-fall; then the wagon turned into a wide well-made road running through pleasant fields and plantations, and the chimneys of Henly House came in view. It was the only house visible for miles, the country was so thickly wooded. Emily was delighted to see that every thing looked as it ought to look. What a letter she would write about going through a handsome gateway, up a fine avenue bordered with lindens, past a lawn, flower beds, terrace, and before great stone steps, where the wagon stopped, and she alighted breathless and intensely occupied with the situation! A man on the steps opened the hall door and conveyed her to the library, where, he said, Mr. Cornbury was expecting her. As she entered the room, Mr. Cornbury rose, bowed gravely, and said, "Miss Fairford?"

Emily bowed gravely too, and stood still. Was *this* an Englishman of renown, she queried, the owner of so great a place? He wore a rough suit of gray and a shabby cravat; his hair was carelessly arranged and streaked with gray; deep lines were in his face. He came toward her, and she perceived that his gait was uncertain—he limped.

"Don't trouble yourself, Sir," she said, going quickly for a chair and dropping upon it. He smiled.

"My lameness does not try me; it is a natural defect, which of course I despise, but must endure."

She forgot at once that they were strangers. A feeling of sympathy, dread, anxiety, and a wish *to do something* for him, so irresistible with women, swept over her. And then, for the life of her, she could not help thinking of her own perfection of figure. He continued:

"It is your Venus of Milo who suffers being maimed, not those whose birthright it is."

She blushed, but frankly met his eye.

"I suppose so," she answered.

And so the ice was broken between them. Mr. Cornbury rang the bell.

"I think Mrs. Cornbury keeps her room to-day," he said. "My nieces are dressing for dinner, and of course you wish to be shown to your own room. Kitty"—turning to the servant who had answered the bell, "attend to Miss Fairford."

"Novels are a great deal truer than life," thought Emily, as she followed Kitty up the wide staircase. "Here is the proper frame-work for any drama, though there is no system or method that is not broken sooner or later by a catastrophe."

Kitty ushered her into a room whose windows commanded a prospect which made her cry out with delight.

"This is the famousest place the county round," said Kitty; "our folks sick for the old country come here to get a peep. When the Duke of Kent was Governor-General the Cornburys came over. Shall I lay out your things, miss?"

Emily gave her the key of her trunk. Now must her poverty be revealed.

"Shall I dress for dinner?" she inquired.

"Mr. Cornbury likes it."

Emily recalled his appearance with a smile.

Kitty dismissed and Emily arrayed, the latter employed the last moments in christening her new garnet poplin with tears. Homesickness assailed her. Her own dear, sweet, shabby old home! Dearest mother! dearest sister! Nonsense! Had not her lines fallen in pleasant places? No remorseless cares or devouring excitements, no biting sorrow, could touch her here. A bell rang, and Kitty re-appeared to show her to the dining-room. Mr. Cornbury gave her a passing glance as he introduced his nieces Arabella and Amelia. He saw that her composure was perfect. To be looked for, perhaps, from a Yankee lady.

"Dear Talbot," quavered a voice behind Emily, "on such an occasion I deemed it my duty to make my appearance. The true impression must at once be conveyed. Miss Fairford, no introduction is necessary. I trust your journey was not too fatiguing."

Emily wondered over this small pale woman with an imperious voice. And the dinner, how novel to her! The Cornbury crest stared at her from every thing—the table-cloth, the glass, the silver. She liked it, but thought of the old striped crimson and blue tea cloth at home! The drawing-rooms o pleasant, too—the little tables and shaded lounges, the bay-windows from which she saw the evening sky and the darkling tree-tops. What a beautiful, most desirable thing were riches! Mr. Cornbury read a newspaper, and Emily almost involuntarily remarked as he laid it down, and happened to look at her, that newspapers seemed out of place in such a seclusion.

"There!" cried Mrs. Cornbury, "I said so—that you would think us barbarians. And it is true; we are isolated."

"Your fault, Leonora," said her husband.

"But, my dear, is it not best for *you?* Were we at the capital, could you bear the strain, the fatigue?"

Mr. Cornbury shrugged his shoulders; an indescribable expression came into his sad face.

"My poor dear," said Mrs. Cornbury, "it is quite enough for one to be helpless. Well for us that we have this seclusion." She stopped. Mr. Cornbury gave her a strange glance. Emily moved to one of the deep bay-windows, pained, disturbed. Her lines had not fallen in pleasant places, after all: here was an unhappy family, and she would be compelled to know it. Mrs. Cornbury's pet grievance was her husband's lameness, which she exaggerated. Now she pitied him; now she meekly accepted the misfortune which recoiled upon and blighted her destiny; now it was the subject of an invidious comparison between himself and others. To Emily's horror and anger, she once commented upon the difference between Emily's fine form and his, till she felt that Mr. Cornbury must detest her for being perfect. How Emily hated this woman then—so heartless, so malicious! It was hard to understand Mr. Cornbury: pride was the key-stone of his character, yet he submitted to the outrages of his wife. At last Emily discovered that he accepted punishment as deserved. In a discussion upon inherited traits, Emily heard Mrs. Cornbury thank Heaven that she was childless.

"Poor Leonora," said her husband, "the yarn of good and evil is well mixed in your lot."

His face was bent toward hers; she was intent upon a piece of embroidery. A peevish frown, a repelling gesture from her, made Emily decide that the deformity of the wife was equal to the husband's. From that moment she entertained a desire to solace him. He soon understood this resolve and was grateful to her. For the first time in years he sought some companionship with her. Necessarily his nieces were included in the compact. "Uncle Talbot," they declared, "was forgetting to be a bear, and learning to be a good pupil." The evenings were passed in the library, where he read aloud or conversed, and in the parlor, where Emily played and sang and helped Mrs. Cornbury with her feeble games at cards. Emily was so much brighter than her husband with the cards that she became a favorite. What a happy, pleasant, satisfying episode! Emily prayed that it might never end. Why should it, when every body seemed so satisfied and contented, life so affluent in its tastes and comforts? One day when the girls were talking of a ramble in the woods for ferns, Mr. Cornbury asked if he might go.

"How could Bossy canter in the woods?"

"Bossy? Are you not meaning to walk?"

"Oh, uncle, yes; but we thought—" They stopped, and he smiled at their confusion.

"Somebody has thought for you—that I can

not walk. Did you ever try to invent a thought? It might kill you, though, tender things. You are all babies or old women. Poor Miss Fairford managing such an interregnum. But you had one too, I suppose."

Mrs. Cornbury looked severe at this whim of his, and said,

"Dear Talbot, you forget. The girls were kind to anticipate your fatigue. Your spirits are your support, and they will give way. Of course you should ride Bossy, or have one of the men at hand."

"With a wheelbarrow?"

"Mr. Cornbury," said Emily, abruptly, "if you will give us the pleasure of your company, will you help us about those minerals, and carry the box and hammer?"

His pleased face made her feel as if she were an old woman who had gratified a little boy. She could have patted his head. They started on an October afternoon. Emily feared for the walk down a rough ravine, and suggested that the girls should look for ferns and mosses, for she meant to offer her arm to Mr. Cornbury, and assist him over the wild path, which she knew. She could but see how great his lameness was out-of-doors, how it injured his fine proportions. Mrs. Cornbury was cruel and absurd about it. A loving heart would grow to forget it. The girls called back to them as they sped on and went out of sight. How pleasant it was! The quail cried in the hedge, the tiny squirrel scratched the beech trunks, and the mild winds shook showers of rustling leaves over the path—Autumn's flying seconds from her dial, the trees. They reached a ravine; up the banks delicate birches fluttered, and gilded the gray air; the roadway was full of rolling stones, loosened from the soil by the September rains. Mr. Cornbury directed Emily's attention to the clouds, swelling masses of thick vapor gathering over the ravine like wind-blown drifts of snow. Looking up, her footing gave way over a loose pebble, and she would have fallen but for Mr. Cornbury. She never doubted his strength or pitied his lameness afterward.

"I know these deceitful stones," he said, dryly. "Thank you for your care; suppose we exchange. Are you hurt?"

"A trifle. I believe my boot must be unlaced." This was quickly done. He gave his arm to her, and they limped on. The same thought struck them, and, looking at each other, both suddenly burst into a laugh.

"Droll world. A pebble has made us kin, Miss Fairford."

She wished she could think of something to say, botanical, geological, any thing; but somehow a strange silence oppressed her. He continued in a moment:

"I may thank you for something besides your care. You have reminded me of what any man may have with a healthy mind, for somehow I have long believed I was not capable of happiness. Yes, you have restored me to an ancient self, when I only had time for a brief glimpse at it."

"You owe me nothing, Sir."

"Nothing! Do you not know better than that?"

They turned the path, and saw the girls beckoning to them; but Emily declared she must rest, and begged him to go on. While gone, she meditated this wise: "Emily, look yourself fairly in the face before you address any higher power. Don't fall in a fog of sympathy and follow a 'light-o'-love,' which may leave you in a quagmire. Suppose a man is solitary. Oh! how pleasant to share a solitude I wot of! Emily, you must give up going as a governess—take up another trade, far, far from here."

"What are you thinking of?" he asked, suddenly, returning.

"Of the selfishness of the heart, and that it is time to move homeward. I feel quite recovered."

"Is the heart selfish when it is deeply moved, or when it is dead of its own coldness?" he asked, looking intently into her sad eyes. "*I* have lately had the impulse to be generous to the whole world."

"If we look into the heart, we fancy it is affected, so doctors say; questions, therefore, about that organ may make us morbid."

On their return he was silent, listening to a voice—echoing from where? Eden, perhaps. Should this voice be heard, or silenced? Manlike, he shifted the burden upon the next hour, and who can tell what an hour may bring forth? Emily shut herself in her room on the plea of headache. Her pain called into life the old, old memories, and those at this moment were as faded, scentless flowers; petal by petal they fell from her heart forever. Well, her dead knew the way to bury the dead—a womanly task. At breakfast, when she appeared, the tri-weekly mail was distributed, and there was a letter for her. Running over it hastily, as Mr. Cornbury watched and judged, an exclamation escaped her which seemed involuntary, but which his instinct told him was uncalled for.

"No ill news, I hope?" he asked, with a meaning that did not escape her.

"News that compels me to go home at once, Mr. Cornbury." A wall of darkness suddenly built itself before him, with Emily behind it forever—the dearest, sweetest friend he had ever gained. He knew, too, that he must not ask her to stay, nor to return. Ill-fated doors of a hopeless house—would that they could never open!

"Arabella," said Emily, hushing the chorus of lamentations, "I hope you and Amelia will go to the station to hear my parting sermon. I have some studies to suggest."

"I declare," said Mrs. Cornbury, "I am quite upset. Our relations are scarcely adjusted. Don't you protest against it, Mr. Cornbury. I am really getting used to Miss Fairford."

"She must decide for herself," was the reply.

"But her duty to the girls?"

"Duty has different meanings sometimes."

Emily could not play the hypocrite. She longed for the hour of departure. When it came, and she was shut in her room, a message came from Mr. Cornbury that he would be obliged to her if she would come into the library for a settlement. Of course she must go. Mr. Cornbury motioned her to a seat, which she meekly took.

"Of what do you accuse me, Miss Fairford?"

"What can you mean, Mr. Cornbury?"

"Can you be honest with me? Is not your resolve of departure overhasty?"

Emily took refuge in the conventional.

"I am so sorry to go, Sir; sorry to leave so kind a friend as you are, and my pupils too—good girls. But I have never told you how dependent my widowed mother is upon me. Oh, I must go."

He looked at his watch.

"Just so much time to beg the question," he said. "By-the-way," and he handed her an envelope, which she took and opened; then sagely counted out five notes, and laid four back upon the table.

"These do not belong to me, Mr. Cornbury."

"A year's salary belongs to you, Miss Fairford." She shook her head. Had not the last moment come yet?

"Emily, I can not spare my friend. Will you go because of some offense I am ignorant of?"

She moved toward him, and the notes fluttered to the floor.

"I know that you can stay," he continued, in a pleading voice. "If you choose to stay, why, why not?"

"Mr. Cornbury," and she offered him her hand, "let us cut the Gordian knot. Do you love me? If you do not love me, I—I may remain."

They were lost in mutual intense scrutiny, each wishing, fearing to know the truth—either way a misery. There was no noise of opening door, no footfall, but they turned and saw Mrs. Cornbury close beside them.

"Yes, John said you were waiting here, Miss Fairford. So sorry"—here her eyes caught the fallen notes. "Your boxes have gone, and the carriage is ready."

Mr. Cornbury was unaware of her wild glance. Emily felt rather than saw the pain in his face. She looked up at Mrs. Cornbury, so moved that she hoped for her womanly compassion, and then she wondered if the world had not better come to an end for them all.

"Good-by, Mr. Cornbury; I shall never forget you," she said, and hurried out. He caught her hand wildly as she turned; the ring she wore cut her finger as it slipped off in his grasp.

Mrs. Cornbury followed her. "The nature of the news you have heard precludes all hope of your return, does it?" she asked, as Emily got into the carriage.

"It does, Mrs. Cornbury."

"I was sure that it must be so. The next time, if I were you, I would keep my salary."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

Sunday,	11.—Quinquagesima.
Wednesday,	14.—Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday,	18.—First Sunday in Lent.
Wednesday,	21.—Ember-day.
Saturday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	25.—Second Sunday in Lent.

THE preparations for Mr. MOODY's meetings in Boston are reported to be very complete. The Tabernacle will seat 6000 persons; the platform, at first constructed to hold 300, has been enlarged to accommodate 600 more. Over 1000 singers have been selected for the choir; they will be divided into sections of 300 each. Other choirs will conduct the singing in the daytime. Meetings of the pastors of Boston have been held, as also daily services under the direction of the Young Men's Christian Association. Careful arrangement and thorough organization have thus preceded the arrival of Mr. MOODY in Boston, as in other cities. The first service was expected to be held on Sunday, January 28.

Not only will the eighth centenary of Canossa be celebrated this year by the Pope, but two other papal triumphs will also be commemorated—the humiliation of FREDERICK BARBAROSSA before Pope ALEXANDER III., and the re-establishment of the papal see at Rome after the seventy years of exile spent in Avignon. The reconciliation of FREDERICK BARBAROSSA and Pope ALEXANDER was preceded by the battle of Legnano, which was disastrous to the imperial arms. On the 24th of July, 1177, at the gate of the Church of St. Mark, Venice, the Emperor prostrated himself at the Pope's feet and sought peace. The revival of these memories in this year by the singing of *Te Deums*, under the direction of the Pope, is evidence of the implacable spirit of the papacy in the nineteenth century—is proof, if proof were needed, that the head of the Catholic Church, restrained now only by the lack of power, would rejoice to humble in the dust, as did his predecessors, the kings and rulers of the earth.

The Bishop of Rochester, England, has declined to take further steps against the Rev. Mr. TOOTH, the refractory rector of Hatcham. The parishioners will apply to Lord PENZANCE for an enforcement of his order. Mr. TOOTH's opposition to the authorities established by law has already led to disorder in his church. On the last Sunday of the year, when the bishop of the diocese was looked for, a great crowd of persons had gathered both in and around the church. When the service began, the rector was interrupted by the singing of comic songs by some persons in the congregation. At the close of the sermon there was an outbreak of violence: blows were given and returned, ladies fainted, and shouts of "No popery!" were set up. A force of constables was called in to preserve order. On the following Sunday a barrier was erected, and the police, with members of the congregation, kept guard at the church doors. A crowd of several thousand, however, assembled outside, and cheered and sang songs. At the moment when the rector consecrated the elements of the Lord's Supper, and was lifting up the cup, the mob broke through the barrier. The church doors were barricaded by those within; after a time the police succeeded in driving back the crowd. When the congregation dispersed, they were greeted with derisive cries, such as "Three cheers for the Pope!" Mr. TOOTH was hissed.

A life of Mr. P. P. BLISS, the evangelist, will be prepared by Dr. GOODWIN, Major WHITTLE, and Mr. MORGAN, of London. It will be copyrighted both in this country and in England.

The Centennial Fund of $50,000 projected by the Baptists of Maine has been fully made up. Upon the raising of this sum a farther subscription of $50,000 from Governor COBURN was conditioned. This is now considered secure. The money will be applied to the endowment of three academies in Maine, which will be under the control of Colby University.

A Reuter dispatch from Rome states that on Sunday, December 31, the Pope had a fainting fit, and was unable to leave his apartments on the following day. On Tuesday he gave audience to visitors, and was taken again as on Sunday. He has been long subject to such epileptoid attacks, but has usually recovered from them quickly. Since the beginning of the year the Pope has given audience to very many persons, and has delivered not a few addresses.

The Young Men's Christian Association of New York held their twenty-fourth anniversary in their hall on Monday, January 22. The report reviewed the work of the year. Five hundred and twenty-five volumes have been added to the library; the average attendance at Professor W. H. THOMSON's Sunday afternoon Bible class has been 652. The number of new members received during the year has been large, reaching 1234. The Bowery branch has aided 8941 men in their efforts to get work, and has furnished free lodgings to 1230. Here, also, 33,998 meals have been given away, and 55,197 meals sold at five cents each. At the railway branch, in the Grand Central Dépôt, 900 religious meetings have been held. Subscriptions to the amount of $100,000 have been received for the extinction of the mortgage debt on the building. The receipts during the year were $26,521, and the disbursements $26,345.

The Newburyport *Herald* (Massachusetts) speaks of the religious revival in that town as eminently "a movement for and with the common people." Not many of the wealthy go to the meetings; the worshipers, who are one-sixth of the total population, are workmen and youth, many of whom have been wholly unaccustomed to attend churches. The general effect of the revival is very marked. "The streets are quiet and orderly; the police have little to do beyond travelling listlessly over their beats, and the drinking saloons and tippling shops are well-nigh deserted. There are," says the *Herald*, "one hundred liquor-sellers in the city, some eighty licensed, and we don't believe that one-third of them are paying their way." These are results in which persons of all creeds can heartily acquiesce.

After nearly four months of continuous labor, Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY left Chicago on January 17 for Boston. The interest excited by their preaching and singing increased to the very last. The first service held by their successors, Messrs. WHITTLE and STEBBINS, was densely crowded. Before leaving the Northwest, Mr. MOODY led in an effort to pay off the debt of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, which amounts to $82,000. The entire sum raised was $64,430.

Besides other measures of relief, more than one hundred thousand dollars has been raised in Great Britain for the Bulgarian sufferers, and has been forwarded to a central committee at Constantinople, of which the English embassador, Sir HENRY ELLIOTT, is president, and the American minister, the Hon. HORACE MAYNARD, vice-president. This sum, large as it is, is said to be insufficient to meet the necessities of the impoverished people.

Intelligent citizens of Oregon are trying to solve the Chinese problem in a Christian way. In Portland thirty Chinamen have been formed into a Christian Association, and are pledged not to gamble, use opium, or indulge in other vices. A Sunday-school superintendent in that city, who has had Chinese scholars in his classes for a year, reports: "I am persuaded, after careful observation, that they do gain spiritual ideas as readily as any other people with the same partial knowledge of the language in which those ideas are presented. They are eager to hear and quick to discuss the doctrines of Christianity."

A singular case of distraint occurred recently in St. John, New Brunswick. The Roman Catholic bishop being assessed some $200 or $300 in taxes on his schools in Portland, and refusing to pay, was waited upon by a constable. This officer was directed to the episcopal stable and coach-house, where a coach was levied upon.

The *Jewish Times* of this city strongly censures the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, which pronounced the opening of a store on Sunday unlawful, and expresses the hope that the case will be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The temperance revival in England, which has been already noticed in this Intelligence, has taken a direction which to Americans appears surprising. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., has proposed that the city of Birmingham, through the local authorities, shall buy out all the retail traders in liquor, and carry on the business "for the convenience and benefit of the inhabitants, but so that no individual shall have any pecuniary interest in or derive any profit from the sale." One object of this scheme is to get possession of the licenses, which are in England a species of vested right. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN believes that its adoption would at once reduce the number of drinking places in Birmingham by one thousand. Another object assigned is the prevention of the adulteration of liquors. The Town Council has voted in favor of this, the Gothenburg plan, as it is called. In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. LOWE opposes it; in a recent speech Mr. BRIGHT has spoken doubtingly of its success. The discussion of this and other schemes of reform, and the rapid growth of temperance associations in the Church of England, show that the English people are deeply stirred by the prevalent excessive use of alcoholic liqours among the people.

Efforts have been made, with partial success only, to ascertain the proportion of children in Sunday-schools to the whole number of children in the country of school age. The census of 1870 puts the number of children in the States and Territories, between five and eighteen years, at 12,055,443. The statistical secretary of the International Sunday-school Convention, E. PAYSON PORTER, makes the whole number of Sunday-school scholars, in forty-seven States and Territories, 5,790,700. Some of these are no doubt under five years, and others over eighteen years of age. There are in the whole country 69,871 Sunday-schools and 753,060 officers and teachers. These statistics, however, do not include Roman Catholic schools. Estimating liberally for these, it appears certain that not much more than fifty per cent. of the children of school age in the United States receive Sunday-school instruction. Reckoning by States, Pennsylvania stands first, with 7660 Sunday-schools; New York next, with 6000; Illinois third, with 5967; Ohio fourth, with 5545.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN old woman, on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town. The old lady said, "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling there, what is?"

EASIER FATE.—When a dog barks at night in Japan, the owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors that were disturbed. The dog gets off easier, being simply killed.

A teetotaler can never prove a friend at a pinch, because he has a horror of a "nip."

OBEDIENT.—Mr. Dobbs says that he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. He tells him to do as he pleases, and he does it without a murmur.

DOTTING AN EYE.—An editor says he never dotted an *i* but once in his life; that was in a fight with a contemporary.

JOSH BILLINGS ON PETS.

Pets ov all kinds are a noosance.

All pet children are tyrants, and a pet coon wants more kluss watching than a fast deakon duz.

Pet ideas are quite risky, and pet opinyuns, like seckond-hand clothing, are wuth just what yu kan git for them.

A pet wife soon grows to be capting, and a pet baby rules the whole household.

A pet horse learns to be frisky, and a pet servant bekums cunning at the expense ov his honesty.

Pet friends are the hardest to keep, and when yu luze them, change from hunny to gaul, and pets ov all kinds are very fastidyus.

Pet kats are an insult to the kat, and an insult to the party who pets them.

Pet snaiks are fust robbed ov their pizon, and pet eegles are safe when stuffed and set on a perch.

Stranger, if yu must hav a pet or perish, git a yung hedgehog—a male one iz preferable—and keep him housed in a barrell, and view him thru the bung-hole whenever yu feel lonesum, and if this don't make yu happy, it certainly ain't pets that ails yu.

A GROUND OF ACQUAINTANCE.—A young dentist was introduced to a fashionable beauty the other evening, and gracefully opened the conversation by saying, "Miss ——, I hope I may consider that we are not entirely unacquainted. I had the pleasure of pulling a tooth for your father only a short time ago."

A TRIFLE SAVING.—A man noted for his close-fisted propensities was showing an old coin to a neighbor, when the latter asked, "Where did you get it?" "I dug it out of my garden," was the reply. "It is a pity you didn't find it in the cemetery," said the neighbor. "Why so?" asked the coin owner. "Because you could have saved the hole to be buried in," was the somewhat unexpected reply.

THE HEART'S ACTION—Breach-of-promise case.

He purchased his sweetheart a pair of ten-button kid gloves, and handed them in at the door himself. The servant-girl took them, and going to the foot of the stairs, bawled out, "Please, miss, 'ere's a young man ez has brought you a pair of leggings."

A LITTLE MIXED.—"Fellow citizens!" cried a stump-orator the other day—"fellow citizens! I solemnly warn you that our country is rapidly drifting into arnica!" Perhaps he meant anarchy.

DERELICT.—The tramp who strayed into a farmer's premises and tried to make off with a cheese, came out with a black eye, acknowledging that he had been rather *dairylicked* in the pursuit of his duties.

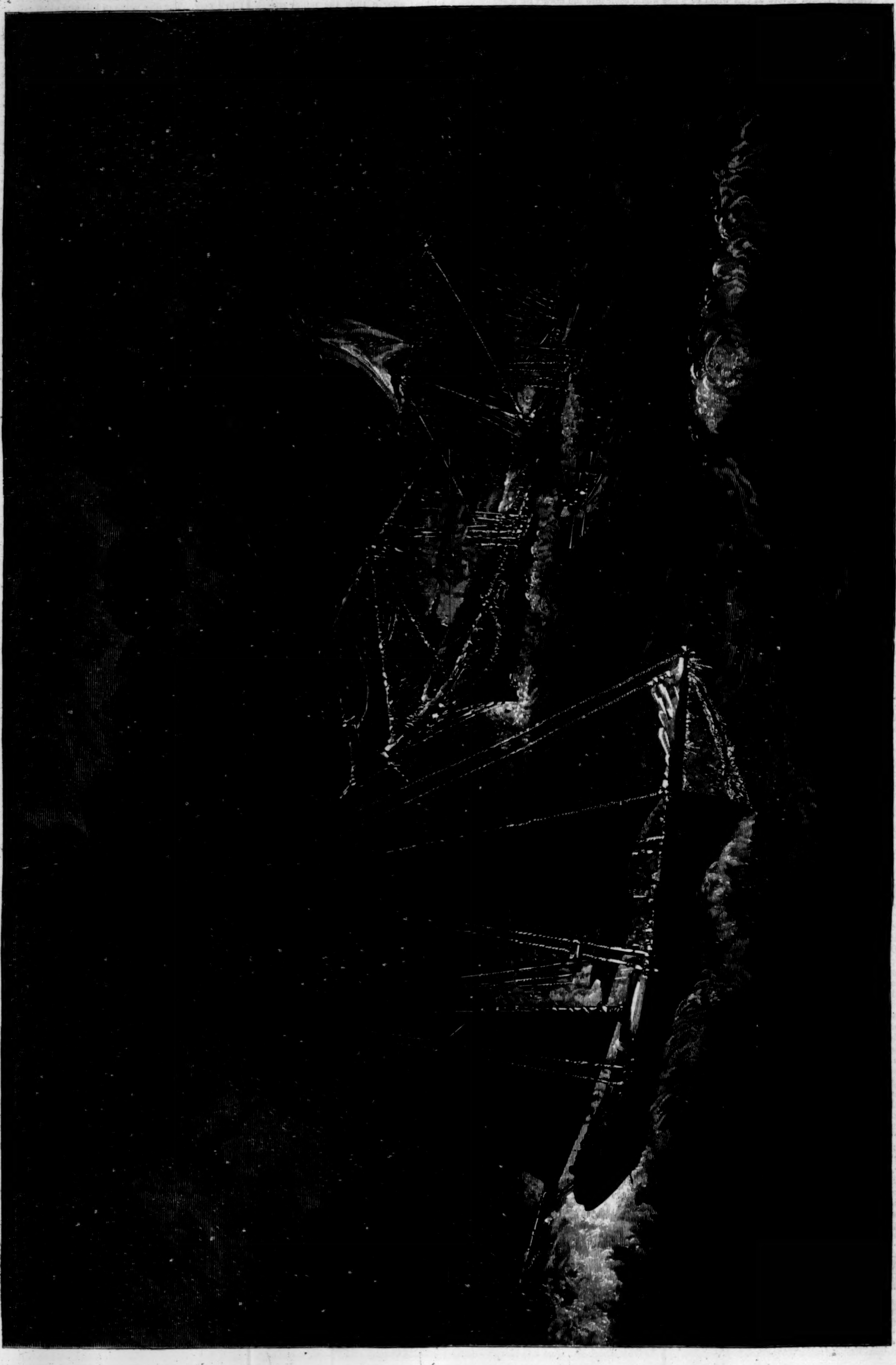
A blubbering little fellow explained his tears to a companion: "Pa sent me after cod-fish for breakfast, an' I went fishin' an' was gone all day, an' now we have been havin' some bulldozin'."

On examining some new flowers in the garden of the Rev. Sydney Smith, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!" "Permit me, then," said he, gently taking her hand and walking toward the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

A traveller in a steamboat not particularly celebrated for its celerity inquired of a gentleman who stood next him what the boat was called, upon which the latter replied, "I think, Sir, it is called the *Regulator*, for I observe all the other boats go by it."

An exchange calmly remarks: "We give fair warning. If any one attempts to haul down upon us a poem on the b—— snow, there will be some first-rate slaying around here right off."

WHISKEY AND WATER.—At a farmer's house, not far from Arbroath, a party met recently to celebrate the reconciliation of two neighboring farmers who had long been at enmity. The host was pressing and hospitable; the party sat late, and consumed an immense quantity of whiskey toddy. The wife was penurious, and grudged the outlay. When at last, in the small hours, the party dispersed, the lady, who had not slept in her anxiety, looked over the stairs, and eagerly asked the servant-girl, "How many bottles of whiskey have they used, Betty?" The lass, who had not to pay for the whiskey, but had been obliged to go to the well to fetch the water for the toddy, coolly answered, "I dinna ken, mem; but they've drucken sax gang o' water."



TAKING A PILOT, OFF SANDY HOOK.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 110.]

BEFORE THE SCHOOL BOARD.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 110.]

TAKING A PILOT.

In ancient times a pilot was the officer in charge of a vessel, and having control of its course; but now, by general usage, the term is applied to a person not connected with a ship, who conducts it into or out of a harbor, or wherever the peculiar difficulties of navigation require an amount of local knowledge not required of the commanding officer. When a pilot boards a vessel, within pilot grounds, he assumes control of it, and is answerable for any injury that may happen to it through his fault. The early maritime laws of some countries carried this liability to such an extent that the pilot, if unable to render full satisfaction, paid for his negligence with his life.

Our engraving on page 108 represents a vessel lying to for the purpose of receiving on board a New York pilot, by whom it will be conducted safely through the intricacies of the Narrows to the dock where its living freight will be landed. As a rule, the New York pilots are intelligent and skillful, and accidents rarely happen to vessels under their control.

BEFORE THE SCHOOL BOARD.

Our engraving from Mr. Abbey's characteristic drawing on page 109 hardly requires a word of description, so well does it tell its own story. There is a vacancy in some country school, and the board of trustees are considering the claims of several applicants for the position.

"THE PAPACY AND THE CIVIL POWER."*

This interesting and valuable work is designed to bring into a clear light the dangerous influence which the Roman Church has long exercised in American politics, and the peril that must ever attend the growth of a sectarian faction among us. It is much to be regretted that this question is forced upon Americans. It would have been fortunate had the Papal Church never crossed the seas, or had it, when it entered the New World, thrown aside its ambition and its pride. Had it obeyed, like other sects, the laws, avoided political intrigue, enforced education, progress, and reform, it would have won a confidence that now seems lost forever. No one can any longer avoid seeing that we have to encounter in all our coming history a clerical faction as united, resolute, and unsparing as that which rules over Belgium or agitates Germany and France. The inevitable conflict is begun. It will be fortunate for freedom if by wise and careful antidotes we can disarm the virulence of the political plague. Mr. Thompson's voice from the West will help to arouse the people of his section to a clearer view of the danger of the moment. He shows that the papal phalanx has increased with an extraordinary rapidity, and that already a large proportion of our voters owe allegiance to the see of Rome. A cardinal, archbishops, bishops, an endless number of conventual schools, of monasteries, associations, and sodalities, rule over this great multitude of foreigners, and mould them into obedience to the extreme theories of Jesuitism. Possibly, as Mr. Thompson suggests, the growth of the Papal Church will not be so great in the future as in the past. The sources of immigration from Ireland, and perhaps Roman Catholic Germany, are becoming exhausted. The emigrants of the next decade may come chiefly from Protestant lands. But the immense strength of the foreign Church can not well be overestimated; and if, as heretofore, its members act only with one party, and lend their aid to measures full of danger to the republic, if they can be united in one bold and unsparing attack upon the common schools, it is certain that the nation may be wounded in its vital part. A clerical faction that is resolved to destroy liberal education, to supplant it by schools taught only by priests and nuns, to check inquiry, stifle progress, to reduce free America to the mental feebleness of the states of papal Europe, of Spain, Belgium, or Brittany, deserves to be watched, opposed, and voted down by every American patriot as his country's most dangerous foe.

In the second National Council of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, which met at Baltimore in 1866, a remarkable pastoral letter was prepared to define the relations of the papacy to the civil government. It claims a supreme authority for the Papal Church as the representative of deity on earth. It teaches that the civil power is to be obeyed only so long as it accords with the rules of the Church. It insists that the state is bound to recognize the Roman hierarchy as supreme in morals as in doctrine. It plainly demands an imperious rule over the civil power of every nation for the single sect established in the Vatican. It is the principle of this curious pastoral that Mr. Thompson assails with learning and irresistible argument. His work is the result of a long period of study. He has condensed in it a wide mass of reading. There is nothing of sectarian bigotry or unjust prejudice in what he writes; and it would be well for the Roman Catholic Church should it take notice of the fact that so many intelligent men who are wholly without hostility to any sect or creed should be forced by their patriotic impulses alone to condemn the conduct of the Papal Church in the New World, and find a parallel for it in the Old. Discretion, one might suppose, if no higher motive, would have impelled the papal prelates among us to avoid with care all that must shock American feeling, and recall the memories of their fatal errors in the past. Instead of this, the Baltimore pastoral assumes at once the principle that has led to ceaseless wars and endless persecution. The Papal Church must be master of society, or it will destroy society. It will obey no law which it does not approve. Its first effort among us has been to introduce sectarian schools, and to destroy, in fact, the whole system of American education.

Of the absurd claim of the Papal Church in its ultramontane form, that it has ever, in any country, practiced toleration where it held the rule, we have a complete refutation. Mr. Thompson shows plainly that even in the case of Maryland, so often brought forward by Roman Catholic writers, the papal ruler of the colony only admitted toleration because he could have no colonial possessions without it; he might have added that the laws of 1649 were composed in the spirit of intense spiritual tyranny. A Unitarian, for example, would in Maryland have met with stripes and imprisonment; he who spoke disdainfully of the Virgin Mary might be punished more severely. It was a mere pretext of Jesuitism to secure a Roman Catholic colony, which wholly failed. Meantime, while the papal priests pretended to establish toleration in Maryland, in Canada the Protestant was banished, in Mexico he was burned, in all South America the Inquisition held its merciless and dreadful sway. In no Roman Catholic country, it may be safely averred from the testimony of history, has toleration ever been known until it was wrested from the priesthood by an enraged people. No sooner does Spain fall under the yoke of its old masters, the priests and the Bourbons, than it closes Protestant schools and churches, and forbids the sale of Bibles and tracts. Large meetings have recently been held in England to protest against this Spanish intolerance, which might soon lead, if unchecked, to a new Spanish Inquisition. In Italy the priests are planning a revolution, and hope to seize upon the government; their first step, if successful, would be to close every Italian free school, and drive every Protestant missionary from Rome. The *Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, has recently (August 5, 1876) expressed the rule of the Papal Church on this subject, and that of all the American prelacy. "France and Spain are Catholic countries," it says, "have been followers of the truth since the truth was made known to them, and both of them have the right to prevent falsehood and dissension from being introduced and disseminated." It is not difficult to see in what way the papal prelates of the United States mean to prevent the introduction of "falsehood and dissension" into papal lands: they have not lost their confidence in brutal tyranny.

"How wonderfully perverted," Mr. Thompson exclaims of some of Dr. Brownson's speculations, "must be the best faculties of an American mind when it is brought to see in the condition of the world during the Middle Ages, from the sixth to the sixteenth century, that which is preferable to the present state of affairs among the Protestant nations, especially the United States!" We have here, in fact, the key to the meaning of Roman Catholic politics. Its ideal of nationality is a laity ignorant and submissive, a class of kings and nobles, brutal, barbarous, but devoted followers of the papacy, and a ruling caste of prelates and Pope. Hence in every country the papal priests enforced ignorance until the Reformation drove them for shame to a limited cultivation of the mind. Hence they would close every common school in the United States, and substitute their own. Hence they are tireless politicians, hoping to rule by universal suffrage. And hence to every free government the Roman Catholic Church in its present form is an ever-dangerous foe. Those who desire to review the facts upon which this conclusion is founded can nowhere find a better summary of them than in Mr. Thompson's work.

Eugene Lawrence.

* *The Papacy and the Civil Power.* By R. W. Thompson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE SOUTH POLE.

Almost every one has heard a little concerning the north pole, however vague may be the impression produced by the term. To a man who believes that the earth is flat—and there are such men even in the last quarter of the nineteenth century—the pole must appear rather a useless appendage. To men generally, the north pole is that point on a globular earth which is always nearest the north, which is equidistant from all parts of the equator or equinoctial line, which has in it no east and no west, and in which six months' daylight is followed by six months' darkness. No one has ever seen the north pole, so far as human testimony goes; and therefore no one can say whether the spot is occupied by dry land, open sea, or perpetual ice.

But who among us knows even this much concerning the south pole?

There is a south pole certainly, forming the other extreme end of the axis of the earth, a point having the maximum of south latitude, and enjoying continuous day at the season when the north pole is veiled in continuous night, and *vice versa*. So far as is known, while the northern hemisphere has about half as much again of ocean and sea as of dry land, in the southern the proportion is more than six to one; in other words, continents spread much less extensively over the southern than the northern halves of the earth's surface.

The greatest point of difference between the arctic and antarctic regions lies in the fact that the former is dotted over with numerous islands, peninsulas, and isthmuses; whereas the latter is exposed to the dash of a vast and deep ocean. Sir James Ross, in 1840, experienced from sweeping currents and winds more than ever has to be borne by northern explorers. On one occasion, when he was becalmed for a few hours, the dead set of the ocean waves drifted the ships toward a range of huge icebergs, against which the sea broke with appalling violence. "Every eye was transfixed with the tremendous spectacle, and destruction appeared inevitable." The ships were thus driven on for eight hours, until within half a mile of the gigantic icebergs, when a gentle air began to stir; the ships yielded to the influence of the puff of wind, which gradually freshened into a gale; and before dark, to the heart-felt satisfaction of all on board, the ships emerged from their peril, and got out into the wide ocean.

The reader will remember that, two years ago, the astronomers of the whole world were greatly interested in a transit of Venus; correct observations of which would, it was believed, afford data for calculating the true distance of the sun from Venus, from the earth, and from all the other planets. It was desirable to make the observations at many different spots, widely separated both in latitude and in longitude; and one of the spots selected was Kerguelen Island, situated between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, but farther south than either. Astronomers from England, Germany, and the United States landed on the island, and did good work there, but the roughness of the climate was a great trial to them. Although farther from the south pole than any part of England is from the north pole, the weather was nearly always stormy, and the temperature verging on the freezing-point, even in the summer of that hemisphere.

Astronomers are considering of appealing to the southern ocean again five years hence, when another transit of Venus will take place, and when still more advantage is expected to be derived from the use of a station as near the antarctic pole as possible. In order to give these hard-working astronomers fair play, it would be no more than right to send out an expedition a year or two in advance to accumulate as many useful geographical facts as might be attainable; and it is just possible that in so doing Sir James Ross's seventy-eighth degree of latitude might be overpassed, especially as they might now have, what Ross had not, steam-power wherewith to contend alike against calms and adverse winds.

What we know of the south pole is simply this—that nobody has got within seven or eight hundred miles of it; that icy barriers are met with quite eclipsing any thing known in the north frigid zone; that mountains have been seen (one shooting forth volcanic flames) loftier than any discovered by our northern explorers; that all the land is covered with snow at all seasons; that no human being has been met with beyond fifty-six degrees of latitude; that no vegetable growth, except lichens, has been seen beyond fifty-eight degrees of latitude; and that no land quadruped is known to exist beyond sixty-six degrees of latitude.

A LESSON IN FRACTIONS.

It was such a blow to me—such a bitter, overwhelming blow! I had been so comfortable and happy since the school-master had boarded with me. The big front chamber had been so grim and ghostly, always shut up and empty. It was our spare room when poor dear Charley was alive; but now that I was a widow and poor, it was a needless luxury to keep a guest-chamber. None of our old friends cared to visit me now: just when I needed them most, when I was lonely and sad and miserable, they refused to come. But when Mr. Slade took the room, I didn't grieve about the loss of friends. It seemed odd to have money for the guest-chamber, but the way that I was situated reconciled me to the thought very speedily indeed.

Then when my boy Charley got into that scrape at school, I should just have died if it had been any body but Mr. Slade.

"Madam," said he, "your boy is mischievous—very mischievous."

"Yes, Sir," I said, meekly.

"And to extend a rope in such a manner that the unconscious heels of his teacher shall be tripped up thereby; to fill the hat of his instructor with stones; to put wax upon the bench, so that the tails of his coat may adhere to this sticky substance, and thus come to grief—all these things are very reprehensible, madam, and merit a condign punishment."

"Yes, Sir," I replied, and wiped away my regretful tears. I knew what was coming. Either Charley would be expelled from the school or dreadfully beaten by this injured man. It was better to have him beaten than expelled, but either was horrible.

"Please don't expel him, Mr. Slade," I said. "He must be punished, of course; but please don't beat him very hard."

"I shall not beat him at all," he said.

"Don't expel him," I entreated.

"Nor expel him," he replied. "If you'll leave the boy to me, there will be no further trouble. He has a good heart and an open, generous, manly nature. I'll appeal to these, madam, if you'll allow me. I think we can get along with Charley if we take the right way."

"Oh, Mr. Slade," I said, "how noble you are! how generous! how magnanimous! I think Heaven was good to send me such a—a boarder."

He grew a little red under my praise, and, as it was school-time, bowed himself out; but really he looked like an archangel to me as he walked down the street. Of course the simile was absurd. He was tall and lean and ungainly; the tails of his long coat did not flap as gracefully as many another coat close by. Charley said he was knock-kneed; perhaps he was; I don't know what the term means. He might have been knock-kneed, but to me that day he was all that was desirable in man.

The way he managed Charley after that was miraculous; there is no other word for it. The boy was as wild and untamable as a young colt when Mr. Slade took hold of him, and shortly afterward he was the most tractable and orderly of mortals. I could see, though, the time and trouble it cost to work such wonders with him. In the spring they went fishing together, and Mr. Slade taught Charley how to manage his hook and line, and wheedle the poor little fish to his bait. In midsummer they got up a collection of beetles and bugs and butterflies and all sorts of things. It was terrible to the poor insects, I suppose; but, oh, dear Heaven! what a rest and comfort it was to me to have Charley amused and kept out of trouble!

I began to rest upon Mr. Slade, to confide in him, to ask his advice, and invariably take it, upon all occasions, to gratefully take advantage of his knack in repairing things about the house, and putting in order troublesome domestic utensils. He always put up the shades in house-cleaning time, and hung the pictures; and what I should have done without him that time the machine got out of order, Heaven only knows. I had a dress to finish for Mrs. Chappel, and was working away, when all at once the machine began to squeak dreadfully. It was a rasping noise, fit to raise the hair on one's head, and mine had ached dreadfully all the morning. I oiled and fussed at it, but all to no purpose; it squeaked more and more. And, to crown all, the nice pumpkin pie I had made for Mr. Slade's luncheon was burned to a crisp. I smelled it, and rushed to the stove, but too late. It was a nasty black ruin, and I just sat down and cried over it. It seemed to me so sad and terrible, I wanted to lie down and die, when in walked Mr. Slade to his luncheon.

"It's no use coming in," I said. "I don't know how you can stand boarding here, anyway, I'm such a miserable housekeeper. It would be so much better if Charley and I were dead!"

"What has happened?" said Mr. Slade; and I was ashamed when I saw a look of alarm in his face.

"It is very sad," I said, "to burn the crust of a nice pie all to a crisp."

"Do you think so?" said Mr. Slade. "Now for me it is a most excellent mischance. Of all things in the world I revere the burned crust of a pie. I have hesitated to declare this predilection, because I know it is a remarkable one, and not at all likely to be shared by the majority of people; but fortune has favored me to-day. Mrs. Sweet, let us have the pie by all means!"

And he actually lifted the horrible black thing to the table, and ate it—yes he did, he ate it—which was the most perfect and graceful piece of martyrdom I ever saw in a man. And then I got courage to tell him how I burned it: that Mrs. Chappel must have that dress, and the machine had begun to squeak in the most terrible way; that I'd oiled it and fussed with it, all to no purpose, and how I was to finish that dress of Mrs. Chappel's, with that dreadful noise distracting my poor brain, I didn't know.

"We'll look at it," he said, in that resting, comforting, soul-cheering way of his; and as I followed him into the sitting-room, I knew in my heart he would exorcise that squeaking demon from the machine. And he did.

"It's the ball," he said; "it becomes smooth from friction, and if you'll bring me a little flour or meal, Mrs. Sweet—stay! here is a piece of chalk, which is better than all;" and with that little white lump that he took from his waistcoat pocket, he made the machine perfect in five—in two minutes.

Now how could I help watching him from the door again, as he walked away to school; and let his coat tails flap as they may, or he be knock-kneed to eternity, how could I help sending after him my heartiest benediction and blessing?

And can it be wondered at that when, only two or three months after, he told me he was going away, I was like one stunned and bewildered? We were sitting in the little front-room, and I was finishing off that diagonal over-skirt for Mrs. Chappel. Charley had gone nutting to the woods, for it was already autumn, and an early frost had set the leaves aflame. A breeze from the west blew my hair into my eyes, and I put it back with a trembling hand. The soft warm day of golden light suddenly seemed to cloud over, and become one of moody sadness.

"I have an opportunity for advancement in my profession," he said, "which it would ill behoove me to put by. In my native town is offered me a position of trust and confidence—no less, I may say to you, dear madam, than a professor's chair."

I hadn't the least idea what he meant. I knew that one chair differed very much from another, and whereas one was comfortable, easy, and enjoyable, another might be for the time being a seat of torture, but wherein a professor's chair excelled I could not at that time imagine. I sat quite still, and the ruffle fell from my hand; my foot rested upon the treadle of the machine, and I sat and stared at Mr. Slade like one demented.

"And it has occurred to me," he went on, "that the position I have held here, which is an exceedingly easy and pleasant one, might profitably and suitably be filled by one of the other sex; the duties are not at all arduous, and could be performed more readily, it appears to me, than those pertaining to the needle. I have spoken to the committee in your behalf, and with a little attention upon your part to the simple mechanical requirements necessary, and a little help upon mine, you will be ready to fill the position at once!"

"Who? I, Mr. Slade? Why, you must be crazy!" Then feeling that this was not a respectful way to speak, I added that his kindness for me had led him to overrate my capabilities.

"Why, Mr. Slade," said I, "I never got beyond the four first rules in arithmetic."

"And upon these depend every thing," he replied. "Come, put by your work, and let us see what we can do in a first attempt."

It was of no use to refuse. His was one of those masterful natures that always conquer. Half an hour after, I was sitting close by his side at the table, with Charley's slate under my blurred eyes and Charley's pencil in my trembling fingers. The rosy evening light streamed in upon us, the soft south wind bringing resinous odors

through the window from the woods where Charley yet lingered.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Sweet," said Mr. Slade—and the very gentleness of his tone, the tender rendering of my name, made me shiver and shake; for I couldn't get the thought from my head that when he was gone there was nobody left to deal tenderly with me or mine—"now pray try and give your thoughts to the subject in hand. It is the simplest thing in the world; and these rudiments once conquered, the rest will follow. Now, a man sold his farm for 8730 dollars, and $\frac{11}{14}$ of this is $\frac{7}{9}$ of the cost of his house, and the house cost 3 times as much as the store; now what was the cost of the house and the store?"

His voice was so persuasive, so distinct, it must have been a pleasant voice to listen to at the school, even if the poor little blockheads could make neither head nor tail of his meaning. I looked at Mr. Slade, then out of the window, where the mellow light of sunset shone, and away over at the wooded hills beyond, and I thought how, such a little while ago, it was a spring landscape all bathed in tenderest green, and now it was autumn, the grass was sere and brown, the leaves falling, the branches like skeletons against the evening sky.

"Madam—my dear Mrs. Sweet," said the voice of the school-master, "I beg your attention to these few first rules. It is distasteful to me to leave you a prey to the coarse habits of these village women, who flaunt their finery in an obtrusive and unbecoming manner, and grudge you the poor reward for your labor."

"She said the seams were crooked, and perhaps they were," I said; for I knew he meant Mrs. Chappel. "I'm not very good at sewing, or—or any thing." Then two big tears rolled out of my eyes upon Charley's slate, and blurred the school-master's pretty figures, which so distressed him that he got up and took a turn about the room. Then he came back to the table again.

"Dear Mrs. Sweet," he said, quite imploringly, "if you would only make up your mind to master these first rules! A man sold his farm for 8370 dollars—"

"And I'm sure he got a good price for it," I broke in; "and whatever he got for his house, it must have been all it was worth. As for his store, I don't want to know any thing about it; I can't see that it's any of my business, Mr. Slade, and I can't bother with it just now. If it was a house alone, or a store alone, or a farm—but to cut them all up and put them together again like a patchwork quilt is impossible for me to think of, Mr. Slade. I can't do it, I never could, and it's ridiculous to ask me such a thing, Mr. Slade. All I can do after you go away, is to go on working for Mrs. Chappel till I drop dead; and if it wasn't for Charley, I wouldn't care how soon that would be."

Then I put my head down on the table and cried, ready to break my heart. I couldn't help it. I was the most wretched creature in the world, and my heart was full. I couldn't help the cry, and I'm glad now that I did.

For suddenly I felt his strong arm tremble on the back of my chair.

"It is so sad and terrible," I said, "to have the seams always crooked, and Mrs. Chappel—"

"Confusion to Mrs. Chappel and her crooked seams! Tell me, madam—Mrs. Sweet—tell me, dear little heart, would it not even be better to give over your future to a grim old pedagogue like me? It shall at least be free from crooked seams and puzzling problems."

I heaved a little sigh of relief, and his strong arm fell shelteringly about me.

"If Heaven will vouchsafe to me," he said, getting back to his dear old wordy way, "your sweet companionship for all the days to come, I can even find it in my heart to be grateful to Mrs. Chappel, and wish her well."

I don't know what I said, but every body knows that I never could see any fault in Mr. Slade, and I don't to this day. He fills his professor's chair, and I have ever so many comfortable ones at home. Charley is a splendid mathematician; but there is a little fellow just creeping into fractions, and he came to me the other day, his dear little brains sore with puzzling over that self-same sum.

"And please, mamma," he begged, "a man sould his farm for 8370 dollars, and $\frac{11}{12}$ of this is—"

"Go to papa, darling," I said; "he found out the cost of it all long ago; but as for me, dear, I'm glad to say that I never could make it out—never."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A SELECT Parliamentary committee was appointed in March last to inquire into the reasons causing the present scarcity of oysters, and the effect of the measures relating to oyster fisheries adopted by Parliament subsequently to the report of the Royal Commission on Sea Fisheries in 1866, and to report what further measures, in the opinion of the committee, might be desirable. This committee had a number of meetings at different localities, and came substantially to the following conclusions: First, they are satisfied that the supply of oysters on the British coast has been for some years steadily decreasing, and that the principal cause is to be found in the continual and constantly increasing practice of overdredging for them in open waters, without allowing any close time. The experience of France shows that in proportion to the stringency with which these regulations have been enforced, the supply has increased. The committee advise, therefore, that the close time for oyster-fishing be from May 1 to September 1 of each year. There are, however, portions of the sea, especially the estuary of the Thames, where it is doubtful whether any close season for dredging is required, and they think authority ought to be given to the Board of Trade to vary the close season in any particular case. Second, they suggest that the Board of Trade set apart districts within which, for limited periods, no dredging whatever shall be allowed. Third, they recommend that the regulations for the sale of oysters in the close season shall not apply to private individuals. In addition to the regulation as to time, they think no oyster should be sold from the deep-sea fisheries under two and a half or three inches in diameter, that a penalty be inflicted for buying or selling oysters during the close season for the purposes of consumption, that all regulations be enforced under the superintendence of inspectors, and that the services of the coast-guard be employed. The committee approve the practice of making grants to private individuals and companies for the purpose of breeding and feeding oysters; these to be limited in extent, and liable to forfeiture if not usefully employed. Finally, they urge that such amendments to the law as will carry out these recommendations be made with the least possible delay.

The capture on Lake Wetter, in 1860, of a living specimen of the parrot-billed auk (*Phaleris psittacula*), a species belonging to the Northern Pacific Ocean, excited much attention at the time, especially in view of the long flight that must have been taken to carry the bird from its original abode to Sweden.

According to anatomists, this bird has a special anatomical contrivance, by means of which the capacity of the thoracic cavity can be very greatly enlarged, so as to reduce its specific gravity. It is further suggested that as this bird inhabits a region the temperature of which is at times from twenty to fifty degrees below zero, and as the air in this cavity would be heated to the temperature of the bird's body, the difference in degree between the two would add greatly to the lightness of the mass, and thus permit it to be moved by a westerly gale at the will of the winds, and carried possibly an enormous distance, especially if for any cause the bird were unable spontaneously to reduce the volume when expanded. It is well known that the first description by Mr. AUDUBON of the tufted puffin—a bird of the same family, likewise peculiar to the Pacific—was made from specimens obtained off the coast of New Hampshire.

Mr. LOUIS A. LUCAS, the African traveller, died on the Red Sea in November last, near Jiddah. He had reached the equatorial provinces in June, and was obliged to return to Khartoum, intending to reorganize his expedition, and proceed by way of Zanzibar to the Congo.

Captain ROUDAIRE, who is so well known in connection with the plan of connecting the Sahara Desert with the Mediterranean Sea, has completed his survey of the Algero-Tunisian depression. He considers the enterprise entirely feasible, and has made such progress that M. DE LESSEPS has been appointed by the Academy of Sciences of Paris president of a commission to consider the question, and report what action should be taken by the Academy and by the French government.

The hundredth anniversary of the death of LINNÆUS, which falls on the 10th of January, 1878, is to be commemorated by the erection of a monument to his memory in Stockholm.

From the last report of Dr. B. A. GOULD, director of the observatory at Cordoba, dated March, 1876, we extract the following: The past year has been uncommonly favorable for observations, the number of fine nights exceeding by more than one-fourth those of any preceding year since the founding of the observatory. In consequence of the additional observations and the necessary reductions, the preparation of the results for publication has been somewhat delayed. The *Uranometria Argentina* is in a forward state; the plates are engraved, and the text is soon to be prepared. The *zones*, which were commenced September 9, 1872, were concluded August 9, 1875. There are 754 zones, containing over 105,000 stars, and comprising the region from south declinations 80° 10' to 22° 50'. These observations have all been made by Dr. GOULD, aided by one assistant, and they have occupied more than 2000 hours of the night for observations only. All the chronograph sheets have been read and copied in duplicate; one set is for the printer, and one set (of 22,000 sheets) for observation. The time of passage of each star over the middle thread has been computed (in duplicate), and the various observations of each star brought together. Some zones have already been computed, and the rest are in progress. The catalogue of southern stars now comprises 4253 stars (of which 12,661 observations have been made); besides which, 1461 observations of about fifty-four circumpolars and 1684 observations of time stars. The observations on which this catalogue is founded will terminate in 1877. Photographs of clusters and double-stars have been made assiduously, in spite of many drawbacks, and 209 negatives of thirty-one clusters and twenty-four double-stars taken. The geographical positions of La Paz, Corrientes, Asuncion, Villa Occidental, Goya, Santa Fé, Villa Mercedes, San Luis, and Villa Maria have been determined. The observatories of Cordoba and Santiago de Chili have been connected telegraphically, and as soon as the Santiago observations are communicated, the relative longitudes will be known. The *time* is furnished weekly from the observatory to the railways and telegraphs, and to the shipping at Buenos Ayres. Dr. GOULD makes the important recommendation in his report that Cordoba time be used throughout the republic, and advances strong arguments in favor of this step. To his faithful and energetic assistants, Messrs. THORNE, BACHMAN, BIGELOW, MANSFIELD, and HEDRICK, Dr. GOULD expresses his thanks. The funds now at the disposal of the observatory will suffice to print four of the proposed six volumes, and the necessary observations will probably be completed in 1877.

We have already given our readers some account of the extremely interesting expedition of Professor NORDENSKJÖLD to the Siberian coast in the year 1876, in continuation of that of 1875. In a more detailed account published by the professor we find some additional particulars of special interest. In the investigation of Nova Zembla the professor was led to conclude that the land had been elevated during the latest geological period at least 500 feet, as shown by the existence of six clearly marked beaches, situated at different heights, one above the other. A similar raising of the land has been noted in other portions of the arctic regions, and it is inferred that this has had a very important part in the great geological changes which have taken place on the surface of the earth since the close of the tertiary period.

At the mouth of the Yenisei they discovered a hitherto unknown island, about five Swedish miles in length, which promises to be of much service in forming a harbor for the shelter of vessels that may engage in the anticipated Siberian trade. An effort was made to find a locality where it was reported some specimens of mammoth skins had been washed out of the Tundra during the previous year. No complete hide was found, but several pieces were dug out of a newly formed bank at the confluence of the Mesenkin with the Yenisei. These had evidently been brought from some point higher up the river, which it was hoped might be ascertained, and the complete remains of the animal secured.

Another interesting discovery was that of a musk-ox skull, associated with the mammoth bones in the Tundra. The zoological results were of very great value, the dredgings furnishing a very large number of species and enormous numbers of specimens, echinoderms occurring in great numbers, with the exception of the echini. Large numbers of new species of crustaceans were also procured. The most specially interesting animals obtained, however, were two; one a holothurian differing from most others in the group by many peculiar characteristics, and the other an umbellularia of about a foot and a half in length.

The general conclusion was drawn that a nearly uniform marine fauna is found around the pole, along the whole coast of Siberia and the polar archipelago of North America. The immense mass of fresh-water which the great rivers of Siberia carry down does not in any degree determine the composition of the animal life on the bottom of its Arctic Ocean.

In conclusion, Professor NORDENSKJÖLD remarks that from all he could learn, in addition to his own observations, he is satisfied that a regular sea communication between Siberia and Northern Europe during a short season of the year ought not to be attended with greater risks and dangers than seamen encounter on many other waters now yearly visited by thousands of vessels.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ALMOST every season brings some meteorological condition that people style "uncommon." This winter the special feature is the uncommon amount of snow in localities where there is ordinarily but a moderate quantity, or none. We hear of snow-storms in the Southern States, as well as of exploring parties lost in the Rocky Mountain drifts. In some sections of Northwestern New York it is said that the snow-bound condition of the railroads during the month of January is without a parallel in the history of railroad travel in this country. However this may be, a wearisome railway journey is reported on the Erie road—nearly four days being spent in going about ninety miles. The drifts cut through for the train to pass made banks of snow higher than the car windows. The aspect of the country in Northwestern New York is represented as desolate—a vast snowy waste, with half-hidden farm-houses, untrodden drifts, and an isolated people. One family in the vicinity of Rochester was literally "snowed in," and unable to hold communication with neighbors for nearly a week. By accident the condition of the inmates of the house was discovered, and men and a plow sent to "shovel them out" of the drifts.

Great anxiety has been felt for some time in regard to several of the Gloucester (Massachusetts) fishing fleet. Most of the vessels left port in November, and all were exposed to the terrible December gales which carried such devastation in their track. Some of them are known to be lost, and it is feared that several others, still "missing," will never return. Indeed, very little hope remains in regard to the majority of them.

The Chicago *Times* has the following statement in regard to the fatality of diphtheria: "In the entire city one person out of 474 died of diphtheria in the last six months, and one person out of 293 of scarlet fever.

Nitro-glycerine is not a substance to be trifled with or carelessly handled. It is generally supposed that all persons who have any thing to do with this article understand its nature. But this is not the case. Some time ago a laborer in the village of Sing Sing buried a can of nitro-glycerine in his yard or garden, probably to have it convenient for use, as he was occasionally employed in blasting rocks. The other day he attempted to dig the can out of the frozen ground. A fearful explosion followed, and the unfortunate man was blown into fragments.

A Philadelphian has sued a city railroad company for piling up snow in front of his house, and was awarded fifty dollars damages.

The business men of Washington Market have recently established a free soup-house at the foot of Vesey Street, North River. Meals are served every day between the hours of eleven and two. Tickets, good for one meal, are furnished to applicants by St. John's Guild, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the police of the Third Ward. A similar enterprise is also conducted in Fulton Market.

Forty miles of freight-trains were recently reported as blockaded by the snow between Buffalo and Albany.

"Probably 100,000 persons took cold yesterday," remarked a daily newspaper recently. The day referred to was a "slushy day."

The vapor of carbolic acid has been recommended to alleviate the severity of whooping-cough. In cases where it has proved beneficial a tea-spoonful of a strong solution of carbolic acid crystals and glycerine was well mixed in a quart of water. From one to two gills of this weak solution was evaporated slowly over the gas, in the room where the children were asleep or at play (with doors and windows closed), twice daily.

The suicide of the chief engineer of the Lake Shore road is a sad sequel to the Ashtabula tragedy. Investigation had shown that the bridge was not built according to the original plans, and that he had not placed confidence in its safety. How far he was responsible for not more publicly making known what he believed to be defects in the bridge is, perhaps, a question difficult to decide. It seems certain that he was a man of sensitive nature, and it is said that when he saw the wreck at Ashtabula, he wept like a child. The calamity weighed upon his mind; he could sleep but little; and doubtless he felt that he was censured by the public. His distress of mind, combined with overwork and lack of rest, seemed to have affected his reason.

One of the "Astoria burglars" has been sentenced to thirty-five years' imprisonment on two indictments. Two others have also received sentence, having pleaded guilty to similar indictments—one to twenty, and the other to eighteen years' imprisonment.

On December 26 a bouquet of flowers and leaves was gathered in Olympia, Washington Territory. A potato, of good size, was cut in two pieces, the inside scooped out, and the flowers inserted in the cavity. Securely wrapped, the package was committed to the care of the Postal Department, and after a journey of fifteen days across the continent, reached its destination in Worcester, Massachusetts. The flowers were as fresh and bright as if they had been plucked within an hour.

Some facts worthy of consideration are presented in the annual report of the Board of Health. It is startling to be informed that 14,208 children under five years of age died in this city during the year 1876. The long-protracted heated term swept off a multitude of infants. Another fact reported is that about one-half the people who died last year in the city lived in tenement-houses. Deaths from small-pox have decreased. In 1875 there were 1280 victims of that disease; in 1876, only 315. The reason of the decrease is believed to be the more general vaccination.

Dartmouth College has taken a progressive step by allowing a young woman to attend all class recitations and lectures, and to be examined with the young men, although herself reciting privately, and only occasionally, to the professors.

The Denver *News* gives an account of a fatal avalanche which recently occurred at the head of Hall's Gulch, Park County, Colorado. A boarding-house, containing six men, one woman, and a child, was buried beneath the snow, and not even the bodies can be found until the summer thaw reduces the drift.

The number of passengers annually transported by the New York city railroads is reported to be about 165,000,000. It would seem worth while to make this great multitude thoroughly comfortable during their rides.

The Board of Health has sent circulars to clergymen, magistrates, physicians, nurses, etc., requesting them to comply with the sanitary code in making correct returns of births, marriages, and deaths that come within their province to report. Those who fail to comply with this regulation are to be promptly prosecuted. The penalty is a fine of from $10 to $200, or imprisonment in the county jail for a term not to exceed thirty days.

Singers should be drilled in distinct articulation. Many of us have heard of the little boy who asked, "Ma, what is lanker?"

"I'm sure I don't know, my son; where did you hear the word?"

"Why, at Sabbath-school. You know they sing, 'We'll stand the storm; it won't be long; we'll lanker by-and-by.'"

There was another little fellow who puzzled and puzzled over a chorus, which he often heard sung—"Glory on our ransalvation." He could not make out its meaning; and he grew up to quite a mature boy before he found out what "ransalvation" meant. Nor can we so much wonder at the little girl who asked her mother if there was "a consecrated cross-eyed bear" in Barnum's Museum. By inquiry the mother ascertained that the "consecrated cross-eyed bear" belonged to the Sabbath-school collection of songs.

The London *Standard* gives singular information respecting a bank recently opened by a woman in Madrid, Spain. Deposits of one hundred dollars and upward are received, and interest paid as follows: Twenty per cent. on receiving the deposit, twenty per cent. at the end of the first, second, and third months, and then, at the expiration of the fourth month, when eighty per cent. has been already paid, she re-imburses the entire sum lent. Thus far, payments have been regularly made, and depositors are flocking to the bank. Nobody knows how the money is employed, some believing that it is used in working mines of fabulous wealth; others, that the woman is an agent of the government.

Silver Mountain—a California town, 6000 feet above the level of the sea—has recently been visited with seven distinct earthquake shocks. No damage was done, however.

Great improvements have been made in the Astor Library under its new superintendent, and still further ones are in progress. The walls have been renovated, additional tables provided, large accessions made to the library, and more perfect catalogues are soon to be provided.

It is well to know that the caustic effect of lime accidentally introduced into the eye may be entirely neutralized by the use of cold sugar-water. The lime and sugar form a compound that has no action upon the eyes.

A memorial to Congress has been recently prepared, asking for $50,000 to erect a monument over the remains of the prison-ship martyrs at Fort Greene, Brooklyn. The memorial gave a review of the sad history. About the years 1778 and 1780 a number of decaying ships were moored by the British in Wallabout Bay, on Long Island shore, and in them were confined hundreds of American prisoners. On the *Jersey*, one of these dreadful prison-ships, frequently more than a thousand were confined at a time. They endured untold sufferings, and died from starvation and diseases of the most malignant character, induced by foul air and unwholesome food. The multitude of dead were buried on the shores of the Wallabout. After a time the tide, washing upon the shore, exposed the bones of the victims to public view. In 1808 these bones were removed, with public ceremonies, to a vault near the Navy-yard. In 1873 they were removed again to Fort Greene, and buried on one of the slopes. The number of martyrs who died in these prison-ships is stated to be about eleven thousand, and as they came from all parts of the country, it is thought that the expense of an appropriate monument should be borne by the whole country.

CENTENNIAL REMINISCENCES.

THE WAR IN CUBA—A FIELD HOSPITAL OF THE PATRIOT ARMY.—Drawn by J. Bell.—[See Page 114.]

THE CUBAN STRUGGLE.

THE spirited sketch on page 113 represents a scene on one of the recent battle-fields in Cuba—a field hospital of the patriot army. In all the recent engagements the patriots have been successful, in spite of the heavy disadvantages under which they labor; and General MARTINEZ CAMPOS has discovered that something more effective than loud-sounding proclamations is necessary to subdue them. Ever since the outbreak of the revolution, the Cubans have not only held their own in the eastern part of the island, but have steadily encroached on the territory occupied by the Spanish troops, until the latter hold little more than the sea-board cities and the ground actually within the range of their guns. Every week news comes of insurgent raids nearer and nearer to the Spanish centres of power, of rich plantations destroyed, of Spanish expeditions defeated.

The Spanish inhabitants of the island are beginning to lose faith in the power of the mother country to put down the rebellion, and their patience is nearly exhausted by the ruinous system of extortion to which they are subjected by the Spanish officials. Their loyalty is rapidly wearing out under the persecutions of the military, and many of them are ready to join the patriots whenever it shall appear that an uprising would be successful.

A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

A LADY met me this morning, saying, "Did you see that recipe for curing hydrophobia in yesterday's paper?" I had not seen it. "Well," she continued, "it is just the cure I wanted you to write about two or three years ago—the old Chester Valley cure. It never was known to fail, and was used in hundreds of cases in the eastern part of the State. I remember hearing of it as long as I can remember any thing. I have told people, and told and talked, and no one would mind me. I tried to get you to write a letter about it, and now you must, for people will not believe. They will read and forget all about it."

In her old home in Chester County, Pennsylvania, lived a German named Joseph Emery, who used to be sent for far and wide when any one had been bitten by a rabid animal. He went to his patient carrying something understood to be a root, which he himself dug in the woods. He milked a pint of milk fresh from the cow, put the root into it, boiled it, gave it to the patient fasting; made him fast after taking it; gave a second and third dose on alternate days, and never failed in effecting a cure. In some way which she has forgotten his secret transpired, and the root was known to be elecampane.

The story, current in the country, was that an old German made the discovery in the days of Penn, and applied to the Pennsylvania Legislature for a grant of $300 for making his secret public. His offer was treated with contempt, and he resolved that his knowledge should die with him; but a drunken son knew it, wrote out the recipe, making a number of copies, and tried to sell them at $1 apiece. One of them was offered to my informant's grandfather, who laughed at this vendor of important medicinal knowledge. He only succeeded in selling two, one of these to the man who made such effective use of it. So well did he establish the local reputation of his specific, that in his neighborhood folks were not afraid of mad dogs. His reputation was parallel to that of Dr. Marchant, of Greensburg, to whom every one in this part of the country used to go or send when bitten by a mad dog.

The intelligence and integrity of my informant are beyond question, and I regret that her love of privacy should prevent her giving the weight of her name to her conviction that you have published an unfailing specific for hydrophobia. The people of Chester Valley are not of a class likely to be misled by superstition, and she is confident it was a general or universal belief that Joseph Emery never failed to cure or prevent hydrophobia. In one case the spasms had begun before the first dose was given, and the patient recovered.

The medicinal properties of elecampane are very powerful. Milk itself is a specific for many poisons; and while the medical faculty know no cure for this terrible disease, we should open every avenue of light into the dark subject. If the disease is one of the imagination, we want a specific to give confidence and cure by the imagination; but this looks like a real cure of a veritable disease.—*Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, in the Pittsburg Commercial.*

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of *Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.* They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.—[*Com.*]

FOR DEBILITY,

Arising from over-exertion, sickness, or from any cause whatever, SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC is a valuable remedy, containing the nourishing and life-supporting properties of many natural productions; its strengthening properties are truly wonderful. A single bottle will demonstrate its value.

Prepared by Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

20 LETTER-PRESS COPIES on Letter paper. EDISON'S DUPLICATING INK, 50c. per Bottle. JOHNSON'S RIBBON MUCILAGE, 15c. per Box. ORDER of Stationers or American Novelty Co., N.Y.

THE Forrest House; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

CHAPTER I.

TWO LETTERS.

The first, a small half-sheet, inclosed in a large thick envelope, and addressed in a childish, unformed hand to Mr. James Everard Forrest, Junior, Ellicottville, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, with a request in the lower left-hand corner for the postmaster to forward immediately; the second, a dainty little perfumed missive, with a fanciful monogram, directed in a plain, round hand to J. Everard Forrest, Esq., Ellicottville, Mass., with the words "In haste" written in the corner. Both letters were in a hurry, and both found their way together to their owner, a brown-haired, brown-eyed, brown-faced young man, who sat under the shadow of the big maple tree on the Common in Ellicottville, lazily puffing his cigar and fanning himself with his Panama hat, for the thermometer was ninety in the shade, and the hour 10 A.M. of a sultry July day. At first it was almost too much exertion even to break the seals, and for a moment J. Everard Forrest, Jr., toyed with the smaller envelope of the two, the one whose delicate perfumery he knew so well, and which quickened his pulse a little and brought a deeper glow to his cheek.

"I may as well see what Josey wants of me *in haste*," he said at last, and, breaking the seal, he read:

"HOLBURTON, July 15.

"MY DEAR NED,—You must not wait till Wednesday, but come to-morrow on the four o'clock train. I want you particularly. Every thing has gone at sixes and sevens, for just at the very last Mrs. Murdock, who has been dying for twenty years or more, must really die, and, of course, the Murdock boys can't act, so you must take the character of the bridegroom in the play where I am bride. You will have very little to say. You can learn it all in fifteen minutes, but you must come to-morrow, so as to rehearse with us once at least. Now, don't you *dare* fail. I shall meet you at the station. Yours lovingly,

"JOSEPHINE FLEMING."

"P. S.—Do you remember I wrote you in my last of a stranger, a Dr. Matthewson, who has been in town a few days stopping at the hotel? He has consented to be the priest on condition that *you* are the bridegroom. I do not know why he insists upon that point, but he does; so do not fail me.

"Again with love, 'JOE.'"

"And so this is my lady's great haste," the young man said, as he finished reading the letter. "She wants me for her bridegroom. I rather think I knew that before, and I don't know but I'm willing; so I guess I'll have to go; and now for Rossie's interesting document, which must be 'forwarded immediately.' I only wish it may prove to have money in it from the governor, for I am getting rather low."

So saying he took the other letter and studied it carefully, while a smile broke over his face as he continued:

"Upon my word, Rossie did not mean this to go astray, and has written every thing out in full, even to Massachusetts and Junior. Good for her. Wonder why she didn't take a larger envelope; but then, she needed all this space, and has filled it, too; and how crooked; why, that junior stands at an angle of several degrees above the Mr. Rossie ought to do better. She must be nearly thirteen; but then, she's a nice little girl, and I'll see what she says."

What she said was as follows:

"FORREST HOUSE, July 14th.

"MR. EVERARD FORREST:

"*Dear Sir*,—Nobody knows I am writing this to you, but your mother has been worse for a few days, and keeps talking about you even in her sleep. She did not say send for you, but I thought if you knew how bad she was, you would, perhaps, come home for a part of your vacation. It will do her so much good to see you. I am very well, and your father, too. So no more at present. Yours respectfully,

"ROSAMOND HASTINGS."

"P. S.—Miss Beatrice Belknap has come home from New York, and had the typhoid fever, and lost every speck of her beautiful hair. You don't know how funny she looks! She offered me fifty dollars for mine to make her a wig, because it waves naturally, and is just her color, but I would not sell it for the world; would you? Inclosed find ten dollars of my very own money, which I send you to come home with, thinking you might need it. Do not fail to come, will you?

"ROSAMOND."

Everard read this letter twice, and smoothed out the crisp ten-dollar bill, which was carefully wrapped in a separate bit of paper. It was not the first time he had received money in his sore need from the girl, for in a blank-book, which he always carried in his pocket, were several entries, as follows: "Jan. 2, from Rosamond Hastings, five dollars; March 4th, two dollars; June 8th, one dollar," and so on until the whole amount was more than twenty dollars, but never before had she sent him so large a sum as now, and there was a moisture in his eyes and his breath came heavily as he put it away in his purse and said:

"There never was so unselfish a creature as Rossie Hastings. She is always thinking of somebody else. And I am a mean, contemptible dog to take her money as I do; but then, I honestly intend to pay her back tenfold when I have something of my own."

Thus reassuring himself, he put his purse in his pocket, and, glancing again at Rossie's letter, his eye fell upon Miss Belknap's name, and he laughed aloud as he said:

"Poor bald Bee Belknap. She must look comical. I can image how it hurts her pride. Buy Rossie's hair, indeed! I should think not, when her hair is her only beauty, if I except her eyes, which at present are too large for her thin face; but that will fill and round out in time, and Rossie may be a beauty yet, though not like Josey; no, never like Josey."

And that brought the young man back to Miss Fleming's letter, and its imperative request. Could he comply with it now? Ought he not to go at once to the sick mother, who was missing him so sadly, and who had made all the happiness he had ever known at home? Duty said yes, but inclination drew him to Holburton and the fair Josephine, with whom he believed himself to be and with whom he was, perhaps, as much in love as any young man of twenty well can be. Perhaps Rossie had been unduly alarmed; at all events, if his mother were so very sick and was wanting him badly, his father would write, of course, and on the whole he believed he should go to Holburton by the afternoon train, and then, perhaps, go home.

And so the die was cast, the young man little dreaming as he walked to the telegraph office and sent across the wires to Miss Josephine Fleming the three words: "I will come," how that decision was to influence his whole future life, and involve him in a network of difficulties which it would take many years to overcome.

CHAPTER II.

DR. MATTHEWSON.

The train from Ellicottville was late that afternoon. In fact, its habit was to be late, but on this particular day it was more than usually behind time, and the one stage which Holburton boasted had waited more than half an hour at the little station of the out-of-the-way town which lies nestled among the Berkshire hills, just on the boundary line between the Empire State and Massachusetts. The day was hot even for midsummer, and the two fat, motherly matrons who sat in the depot, alternately inveighed against the heat and wiped their glowing faces, while they watched and discussed the young lady who, on the platform outside, was walking up and down, seeming wholly unconscious of their espionage. But it was only seeming, for she knew perfectly well that she was an object of curiosity and criticism, and more than once she paused in her walk, and, turning squarely round, faced the two old ladies in order to give them a better view and let them see just how many tucks, and ruffles, and puffs there were in her new dress, worn that day for the first time, and made by sister Agnes with a patience and weariness which only that most patient of all old maid sisters could endure. And a very pretty picture Josephine Fleming made standing there in the sunshine looking so artless and innocent as if no thought of herself had ever entered her mind. She was a pink-and-white blonde, with masses of golden hair rippling back from her forehead, and those dreamy blue eyes of which poets sing and which have in them a marvelous power to sway the sterner sex just by that pleading, confiding expression, which moves a man so soon and makes him very tender toward the helpless creature appealing so innocently to him for his protection.

Josephine is not my heroine, though without her the story would be nothing; and so I will say to my reader just here that I do not like her. You will not like her; and the two old ladies did not like her, though they admitted that she was very beautiful and stylish in her blue muslin and white chip hat with the long feather drooping low behind, too pretty by far, and too much of the fine lady about her they said for a daughter of the widow Roxie Fleming, who lived in the low, brown house on the common, and sewed for a living, when she had no boarders from the city.

Then they talked of the expected entertainment at the Village Hall the following night, tableaux, charades, and a play, the proceeds of which were to go toward buying a fire-engine which the people greatly needed. And Josephine had pushed and managed to tell that she was to figure in most every thing, and they presumed she was now waiting for some chap to come on the train.

And for once they were right in their conjecture. She was waiting for Everard Forrest, and when the tardy train came in forty-five minutes behind its time, he stepped upon the platform looking so fresh, and cool, and handsome in his white linen suit, that the ladies almost forgave Josephine for the gushing manner with which she greeted him, and carried him off toward home. She was so glad to see him, and her eyes looked at him so softly and tenderly, and she had so much to tell him, and was so excited with it all, and the brown house overgrown with hop-vines was so cool and pleasant, and Agnes had such a tempting little supper laid out for him in the back piazza, that Everard felt supremely happy and content, and once when nobody was looking on, kissed the blue-eyed fairy flitting so joyously around him and talking him nearly blind.

"I say, Josey," he said, when the tea-things had been removed, and he was lounging in his usual lazy attitude upon the door-step, and smoking his cigar, "it's a heap nicer here than down in that hot, close hall. Let's not go to the rehersal. I'd rather stay home."

"But you can't do it. You *must* go," Josephine replied. "You must rehearse and learn your part, though, for to-night it doesn't matter. You can go through the marriage ceremony well enough, can't you?"

"Of course I can, and can say, 'I, Everard, take thee, Josey, to be my lawful wife,' and by Jove, I wouldn't care if it was genuine. Suppose we get a priest and make a genuine thing of it. I'm willing, if you are."

There was a very pretty blush on Josie's cheek as she replied, "What nonsense you are talking, and you not yet through college;" but her manner was still more excited as she hurried him off to the hall, where the rehersal was to take place.

Here an unforeseen difficulty presented itself. Dr. Matthewson was not forthcoming in his character as priest. He had gone out of town, and had not yet returned; so another took his place in the marriage scene, where Everard was the bridegroom and Josephine the bride. The play was called "The Mock Marriage," where two young people, without intending it at all, find themselves tied for life. It would be very effective with the full glamour of lights, and dress, and people on the ensuing night; and, Josephine, who seemed to be head and front of it all, declared herself satisfied with the rehearsal, and sanguine of success, especially as Dr. Matthewson appeared at the last moment apologizing for his tardiness, and assuring her of his intention to be present the next evening.

He was a tall, powerfully-built man of thirty or thereabouts, and many would call him handsome, though to a close observer of the human face and its index to character there was a cruel, crafty look in his eyes, and in the smile which habitually played about his mouth. Still he was very gentlemanly and courteous in his manner, and fascinating in his conversation, for he had traveled much, and seen every thing, and spoke both German and French as readily as his mother tongue. With Miss Fleming he seemed to be on the most intimate terms, though this intimacy only dated from the time when she pleaded with him so prettily and successfully to take the place of the priest in "The Mock Marriage," where John Murdock was to have officiated. At first the doctor had objected, saying gallantly that he preferred to be the bridegroom, and asking who that favored individual was to be.

"Mr. Forrest—Mr. Everard Forrest, from Rothsay, Southern Ohio," Josephine replied, with a conscious blush which told much to the experienced man of the world.

"Forrest! Everard Forrest!" the doctor repeated thoughtfully, and the smile about his mouth was more perceptible. "Seems to me I have heard that name before. Where did you say he lived, and where is he now?"

Josephine replied again that Mr. Forrest's home was in Rothsay, Ohio, at a grand old place called Forrest House; that he was a student at Amherst, and was spending his summer vacation with a friend in Ellicottville.

"Yes, I understand, and comes frequently to Holburton to see the Lady Fleming," the doctor rejoined, adding after a moment's pause: "I'll be the priest, but suppose I had the power to marry you in earnest, what then?"

"Oh, you wouldn't. You must not. Everard is not yet through college, and it would be so very dreadful—and romantic, too," the girl said, as she looked searchingly into the dark eyes confronting hers so steadily, as if to read her inmost thoughts. When Everard came and was introduced to Doctor Matthewson after the rehersal, there was a singular expression in the eyes which scanned the young man so curiously; but the doctor's manners were perfect, and never had Everard been treated with more deference and respect than by this handsome stranger, who called upon him at Mrs. Fleming's early in the morning, and in the course of an hour established himself on such terms of intimacy with the young man that he learned more of his family history than Josephine herself knew after an acquaintance of more than a year. Everard never could explain to himself how he was lead on, naturally and easily, to tell of his home in Rothsay, the grand old place of which he would be heir, as he was the only child. He did not know how much his father was worth, he said, as his fortune was estimated at various sums, but probably half a million, though it didn't do him much good, for the governor was close, and insisted upon knowing how every penny was spent. Consequently Everard, who was undeniably fast and expensive in his habits, was, as he expressed it, always hard up, and if his mother, whom he seemed to idolize, did not occasionally send him something unknown to his father, he would be in desperate straits, for a fellow in college with the reputation of being rich must have money.

Here Everard thought of Rosamond and the sums she had sent him, but he could not speak of that to this stranger, who sat smiling so sweetly upon him, and leading him on step by step until at last Rossie's name *did* drop from his lips, and was quickly caught up by Dr. Matthewson.

"Rossie!" he repeated, in his low, purring tone, for I can liken the doctor's voice to nothing better than the soft purring of a cat; "Rossie! Who is she? Have you a sister?"

"Oh, no. I told you I was an only child. Rossie is Rosamond Hastings, a little girl whose mother was my mother's most intimate friend. They were school-girls together in Boston, where mother was born, and pledged themselves to stand by each other should either ever come to grief, as Mrs. Hastings did."

"Married unhappily, perhaps?" the doctor suggested, and Everard replied:

"Yes; married a man much older than herself, who abused her so shamefully that she left him at last, and sought refuge with my mother. Fortunately this Hastings died soon after, so she was freed from him; but she had another terror in the shape of his son, the child of a former marriage, who annoyed her dreadfully."

"How could he?" the doctor asked, and Everard replied:

"I hardly know how, only that he did. I believe, though, it was about some house or piece of land of which Mrs. Hastings held the deed for Rossie, and this John thought he ought to share in at least, and seemed to think it a fortune, when in fact it proved to be worth only two thousand dollars, which is all Rosamond has of her own."

"Perhaps he did not know how little there was, and thought it unjust for this half-sister to have all his father left, and he nothing," the doctor said, and it never once occurred to Everard to wonder how he knew that Mr. Hastings left *all* to his daughter and nothing to his son.

He was wholly unsuspicious, and went on:

"Possibly; at all events he worried his step-mother into hysterics by coming there one day and demanding first the deed or will, and second his sister, whom he said his father gave to his charge. But I settled him!"

"Yes?" the doctor said, interrogatively, and Everard continued:

"Father was gone, and this wretch, who must have been in liquor, was bullying my mother, and declaring he would go to the room where Mrs. Hastings was fainting for fear of him, when I came in from riding, and just bade him begone; and when he said to me sneeringly, "Oh, little David, what do you think you can do with the giant, you have no sling?" I hit him a cut with my riding-whip which made him wince with pain, and I followed up the blows till he left the house vowing vengeance on me for the insult offered him."

"And since then?" the doctor asked.

"Since then I have never seen him. After Mrs. Hastings died he wrote an impertinent letter to father asking the guardianship of his sister, but we had promised her mother solemnly never to let her fall into his hands or under his influence, and father wrote him such a letter as settled him; at least we have never heard from him since, and that is eight years ago."

"Hastings was his name, you say. I know people of that name. How did he look?" the doctor asked, and Everard replied:

"I can't tell for it was dark and in winter, and he all muffled up, so I should not know him now at all. I only remember that he was tall and heavily built, and compared with myself, a stripling then, he did seem a Goliath; but I let him know I had some strength in my boyish arm;" and Everard laughed complacently as he recalled the scene of a mere boy turning a strong, powerful man from the door.

The doctor laughed, too, or rather the smile about his mouth deepened a little as he said:

"And you have no fear of this man, that he may yet be avenged? People like him do not usually take cowhidings quietly."

"No, I've no fear of him; for what can he do to me? Besides, I should not wonder if he were dead. We have never heard of him since that letter to father," was Everard's reply.

CHAPTER III.

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

The long hall, or rather ball-room, of the old Eagle tavern was crowded to its utmost capacity that July night, for the entertainment had been talked of for a long time, and as the proceeds were to help buy a fire-engine, which was greatly needed, the whole town was interested, and the whole town was there. First

on the programme came tableaux and charades, interspersed with music from the glee club, and music from the Ellicott band, and then there was a great hush of expectation and eager anticipation, for the gem of the performance, the star of the evening, was reserved for the last.

Behind the scenes, in the little ante-rooms where the dressing, and powdering, and masking, and jesting were all going on promiscuously, Josephine Fleming was in a state of great excitement, but hers was a face and complexion which never looked red or tired. She was, perhaps, a shade paler than her wont, and her eyes were brighter and bluer as she stood before the little two-foot glass giving the last touches to her bridal toilet. She had been before the audience once in the play as the sweet rustic young girl in gingham dress and white apron, mending her father's and brother's socks, and caroling a simple song. She had been loudly cheered then, for her acting was perfect, and in her heart she had said: "What will they think of me when they see me in my bridal robes?"

Ay, what, indeed, for never was real bride more transcendently lovely than Josephine Fleming when she stood at last ready and waiting to be called, in her fleecy tarleton, with her long vail sweeping back from her face, and showing like a silver net upon her golden hair. And Everard, in his dark, boyish beauty, looked worthy of the bride, as he bent over her and whispered something in her ear which had reference to a future day when this they were doing in jest should be done in sober earnest. For just a moment they were alone. Dr. Matthewson had managed to clear the little room, and now he came to them and said:

"I feel I shall be doing wrong to let this go any further without telling you that I have a right to make the marriage lawful, if you say so. A few years ago I was a clergyman in good and regular standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Clarence, in the western part of this State. I am *not* in regular and good standing now; the world, the flesh, and the devil, especially the latter, got the upperhand of me, but I still have the power to marry you fast and strong. You two are engaged, I hear. Suppose for the fun of it we make this marriage real? What do you say?"

He was looking at Everard, but he spoke to Josephine, feeling intuitively that hers would be the more ready assent of the two. She was standing with her arm linked in Everard's, her round, bare arm, which shone so white and fair against the black of his coat, and at Dr. Matthewson's words she lifted her blue eyes coyly to her lover's face, and said:

"Wouldn't that be capital, and shouldn't we steal a march on every body!"

She waited for him to speak, but his answer did not come at once. It is true he had said something of this very nature to her only the night before, but now when it came to him as something tangible, something which might be if he chose, he started as if he had been stung, and the color faded from his lips, which quivered as he said, at last, with an effort to smile:

"I'd like it vastly, only you see I am not yet through college, and I should be expelled at once. Then father never would forgive me. He'd disinherit me, sure."

"Hardly so bad as that, I think," spoke the purring, soothing voice of the doctor, while one of Josephine's hands found its way to Everard's, which it pressed softly, while Josephine herself said:

"We can keep it a secret, you know, till you are through college, and it would be such fun."

"I'll do it, by George!" Everard said, and the hot blood came surging back to his face. "It will be the richest scrape I ever got into, and the best kind of a lark. Tie as tight as you please. I am more than willing."

There was a cheer and a deep hush when the curtain was withdrawn, disclosing the bridal party upon the stage, fitted up to represent a modern drawing-room; groups of gayly-dressed people standing together, and in their midst, conspicuous above all, Everard and Josephine, she radiantly beautiful, with a look of exultation on her face, but a tumult of conflicting emotions in heart as she wondered if Dr. Matthewson had told the truth, and was authorized to marry her really, and if Everard would stand to it or repudiate the act; he, with a face white now as ashes, and a voice which was husky in its tone as to the question: "Do you take this woman for your wedded wife? Do you promise to love her, and cherish her both in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her?" he answered: "I do," while a chill like the touch of death ran through every nerve and made him icy cold.

It was not the *lark* he thought it was going to be; it was like some dreadful nightmare, and he could not at all realize what he was doing or saying. Even Josephine's voice, when she too said "I will," sounded very far away, as did Matthewson's concluding words: "According to the authority vested in me, I pronounce you man and wife. What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

It was over at last; the crowd dispersed, and the tired actors, sleepy and cross, gathered up the paraphernalia scattered every where, and went to their several homes. Everard and Josephine were the last to leave, for she had so much to say, and so much to see to, that it was after twelve, and the summer moon was high in the heavens ere she was ready, and they started at last for home, accompanied by the young man with whom Everard was staying in Ellicottville, and who had come down to the play. He was full of fun, and rallied Josephine upon her being a bride, and asked Everard if it wouldn't be a capital joke if it should prove to be a genuine marriage.

"Yes," Everard answered, "it would," but his voice was so constrained and unnatural that Josephine glanced up inquiringly at him, and felt a twinge of pain when she saw, even in the moonlight, how pale he was.

It had been arranged that young Stafford, the friend from Ellicottville, should pass the night at Mrs. Fleming's, and when the party reached the cottage they found a supper prepared for them of which hot coffee and sherry formed a part, and under the combined effects of the two Everard's spirits began to rise, and when at last he said good-night to Josephine, and went with his friend to his room, he was much like himself, and felt that it would not be a very bad state of affairs after all if it should prove that Josephine was really his wife. It would only be expediting matters a little, and the secret would be so romantic and unusual. Still he was conscious of a vague feeling of unrest and disinclination to talk, and declared his intention of plunging into bed at once.

"Perhaps you'd better read this first," Stafford said, handing him a telegram. "It came this morning, and I brought it with me, but thought better not to give it to you till after the play, for fear it might contain bad news which would disturb your acting."

Now young Stafford knew perfectly well the nature of the telegram, for he had been in the office when it came, but he decided not to deliver it until the play was over. It was from Everard's father and read as follows:

"To J. EVERARD FORREST, JR.—Your mother is very sick. Come immediately. J. E. FORREST."

"Oh, Stafford," and Everard's voice was like the cry of a wounded child, "Why didn't you give me this before. There was a train left at five o'clock. I could have taken it and saved ——"

He did not finish the sentence, for he could not put into words the great horror of impending evil which had fallen upon him with the receipt of that telegram. Indeed, he could not define to himself the nature of his feelings. He only knew that he wished he had gone home in answer to Rossie's summons, instead of coming there to Holburton where he had possibly been trapped into he hardly dared think what. And in this he meant no disloyalty to Josephine, nor attributed any blame to her; and when next morning, after a troubled night in which no sleep visited his weary eyes, he met her at the breakfast table looking as bright, and fresh, and pretty as if she too had not kept a sleepless vigil, wondering how it all would end, he experienced a delicious feeling of ownership in her, and for a few moments felt willing to defy the whole world, if by so doing he could claim her as his then and there. He told her of the telegram, and said he must take the first train west, which left in about two hours, and Josephine's eyes instantly filled with tears which shone like so many pearls, as she said:

"I am so sorry for you, and I hope your mother will recover. I have always wanted to see her so much. Would you mind telling her of me and giving my love to her?"

This was after breakfast, when they stood together under the vine-wreathed porch, each with a thought of last night's ceremony in their minds, and each loth to speak of it first. Stafford had gone to the hotel to settle his bill of the previous day and make some inquiries about the connection of the trains, and thus the family were alone when Dr. Matthewson appeared, wearing his blandest smile, and addressing Josephine as Mrs. Forrest, and asking her how she found herself after the play.

At the sound of that name given to Josephine as if she had a right to it, a scarlet flame spread over Everard's face, and he felt the old horror and dread of the night creeping over him again. Now was the time to know the worst or the best—whichever way he chose to put it—and, as calmly as possible under the circumstances, he turned to Dr. Matthewson and asked:

"Were you in earnest in what you said last night? Had you a right to marry us, and is Josephine my wife?"

It was the first time he had put it into words, and as if the very name of wife made her dearer to him, he put his arm around her and waited the doctor's answer, which came promptly and decidedly.

"Most assuredly she is your lawful wife! You took her with your full consent, knowing I could marry you, and I have brought your certificate, which I suppose the lady will hold."

He handed a neatly-folded paper to Josephine, who, with Everard looking over her shoulder, read to the effect that on the evening of July 17th, in the Village Hall at Holburton, the Rev. John Matthewson married J. Everard Forrest, Jr., of Rothsay, Ohio, to Miss Josephine Fleming, of Holburton.

"It is all right, I believe, and only needs the names of your mother and sister as witnesses to make it valid in case the marriage is ever contested," Matthewson said, and this time he looked pitilessly at Everard, who was staring blankly at the paper in Josephine's hands, and if it had been his death-warrant he was reading he could scarcely have been paler.

Something in his manner must have communicated itself to Josephine, for in real or feigned distress she burst into tears, and, laying her head on his arm, sobbed out:

"Oh, Everard, you are not sorry I am your wife! If you are, I shall wish I was dead!"

The sight of her tears roused him, and, winding his arm around her, he said:

"No, no, Josey; not sorry you are my wife. I could not be that; only I am so young; only twenty, and have two years more in college, and if this thing were known I should be expelled, and father would never forgive me, or let me have a dollar again; so, you see it is a deuced scrape, after all."

He was as near crying as he well could be and not actually give way, and Matthewson was regarding him with a cool, exultant expression in his cruel eyes, when Josephine's mother appeared, asking what it meant and what it was about a marrige and a certificate and all that.

Very briefly Dr. Matthewson explained the matter to her, and laying his hand on Everard's arm said, laughingly:

"I have the honor of presenting to you your son, Mr. Forrest, who, I believe, acknowledges your claim upon him."

There was a gleam of triumph in Mrs. Fleming's eyes, but she affected to be astonished and indignant that her daughter should have lent herself to an act which Mr. Forrest was perhaps already sorry for.

"You are mistaken," Everard said, and his young manhood asserted itself in Josephine's defense. "Your daughter was not more to blame than myself. We both knew what we were doing, and I am not sorry, except for the trouble in which it would involve me if it were known at once that I was married."

"It need not be known, except to ourselves," Mrs. Fleming answered, volubly. "What is done can not be undone, but we can make the best of it; and I promise that the secret shall be kept as long as you like. Josey will remain with me as she is, and you will return to college and graduate as if last night had never been. Then, when you are in a position to claim your wife you can do so, and acknowledge it to your father."

Just before Everard left Josephine for the train she said to him:

"I am so mortified and ashamed when I remember how eagerly I seemed to respond to Dr. Matthewson's proposition that we be married in earnest. You must have thought me so forward and bold; but, believe me, I did not mean it, or consider what I was saying; so when you are gone don't think of me as a brazen-faced creature who asked you to marry her, will you?"

What answer could he give her except to assure her that he esteemed her as every thing lovely and good, and he believed that he did when at last he said good-by, and left her kissing her hand to him as she stood in the doorway under the spreading hop-vine, the summer sunshine falling in flecks upon her golden hair, and her blue eyes full of tears. So he saw her last, and this was the picture he took with him as he sped away to the westward toward his home, and which helped to stifle his judgment and reason whenever they attempted a protest against what he had done; but it could not quite smother the fear and dread at his heart when he reflected what the consequences of this rash marriage would be should his father find it out. The *New York Weekly*, No. 13, which is now ready and for sale every where, contains the continuation of this entrancing story, "THE FORREST HOUSE; or, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE."

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Assets January 1, 1876		$5,230,588.28
RECEIPTS.		
Premium receipts	$1,194,380.44	
Interest received	315,143.16	
		$1,509,523.60
Deferred payments		205,520.75
Increase in value of stocks, &c.		160,730.64
Accrued interest		90,887.39
Total		$7,097,250.66
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Losses and endowments paid	$377,039.53	
Dividends to policy-holders	329,741.54	
Surrendered policies	195,578.74	
Re-insurance, &c.	20,985.53	
Commissions, Salaries, &c.	210,316.34	
Taxes, Advertising, &c.	23,582.61	
		$1,157,244.29
Assets		$5,940,006.37
ASSETS.		
United States five and six per cent. bonds, Philadelphia, and city loans, seven per cent. mortgage, railroad bonds, bank and other stocks		$1,969,744.48
Mortgages, all first liens, on property valued at $6,000,000		2,313,662.53
Premium notes, secured by policies		722,384.35
Loans on collaterals, &c.		167,045.34
Agents' balances secured by bonds		29,551.26
Premiums on policies not reported, net		62,313.40
Deferred payments due in 1877, net		43,207.35
Interest due and accrued on loans		90,887.39
Cash on hand and in trust companies		122,977.01
Real Estate owned by the company		404,880.25
Furniture at home offices and Agencies		13,353.01
Total		$5,940,006.37
LIABILITIES.		
Death losses, &c., not yet due	$101,796.00	
Re-insurance reserve, 4½ per cent. Actuary's table, &c.	4,635,232.14	
		4,737,028.14
* Surplus for policy-holders 4½ per cent. basis		$1,202,978.23
Number of policies in force		10,643
Amount of risk		$31,055,730.00

* The Penn has the largest ratio of surplus to liabilities of any Mutual Life Company in the country.

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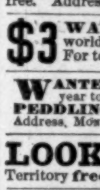

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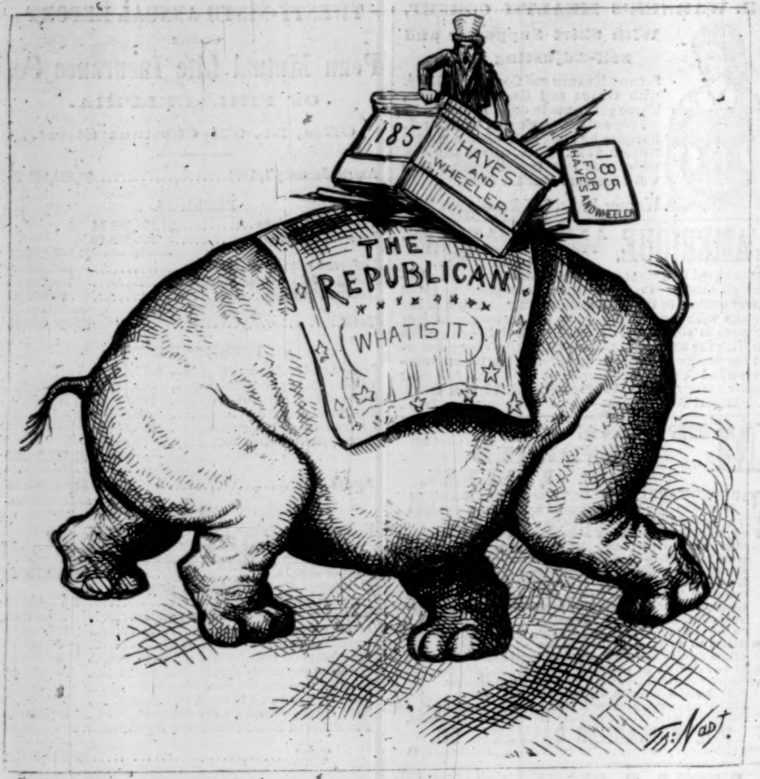

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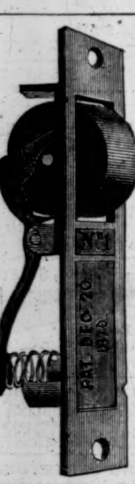

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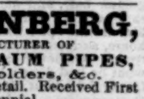

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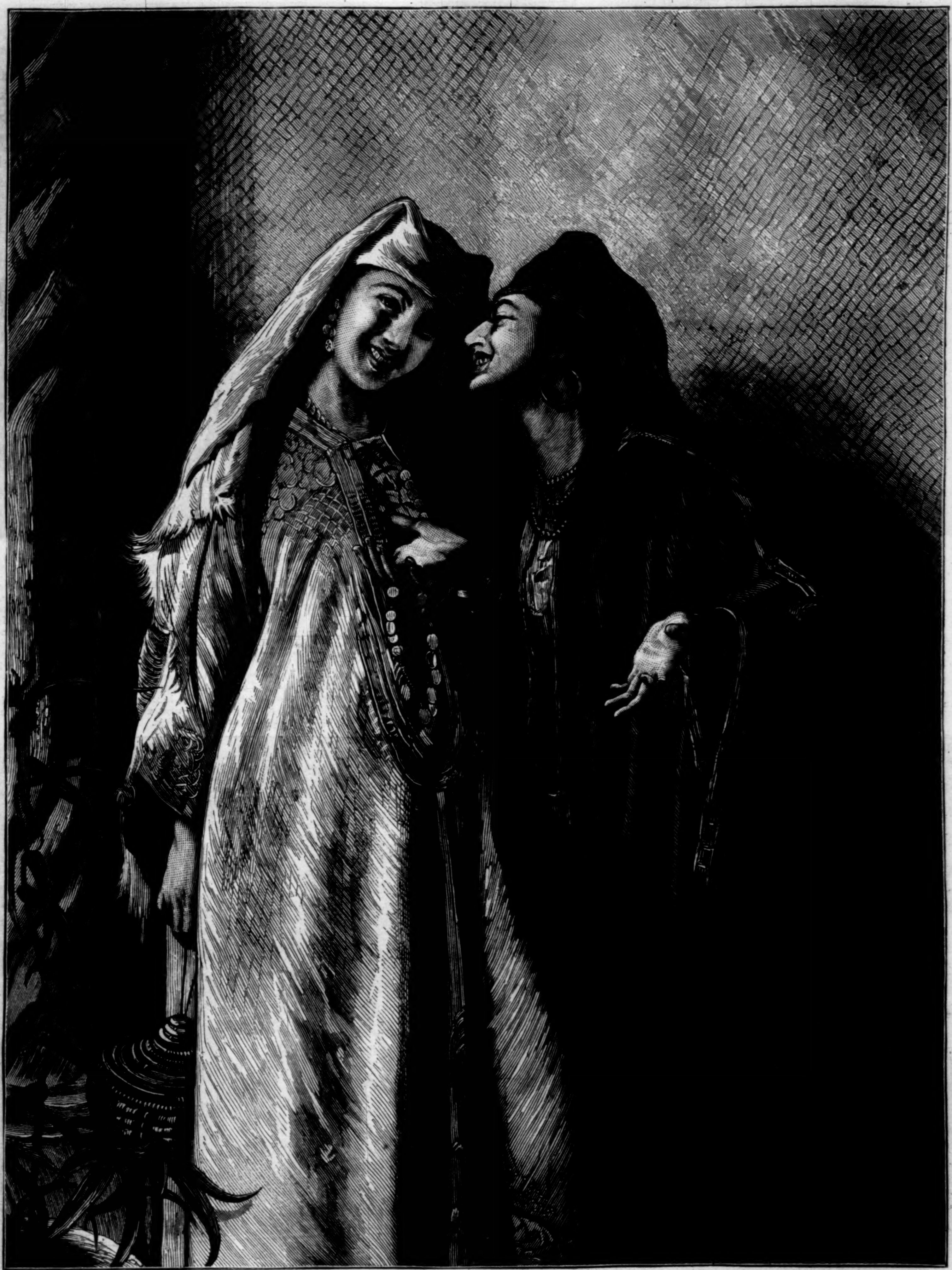
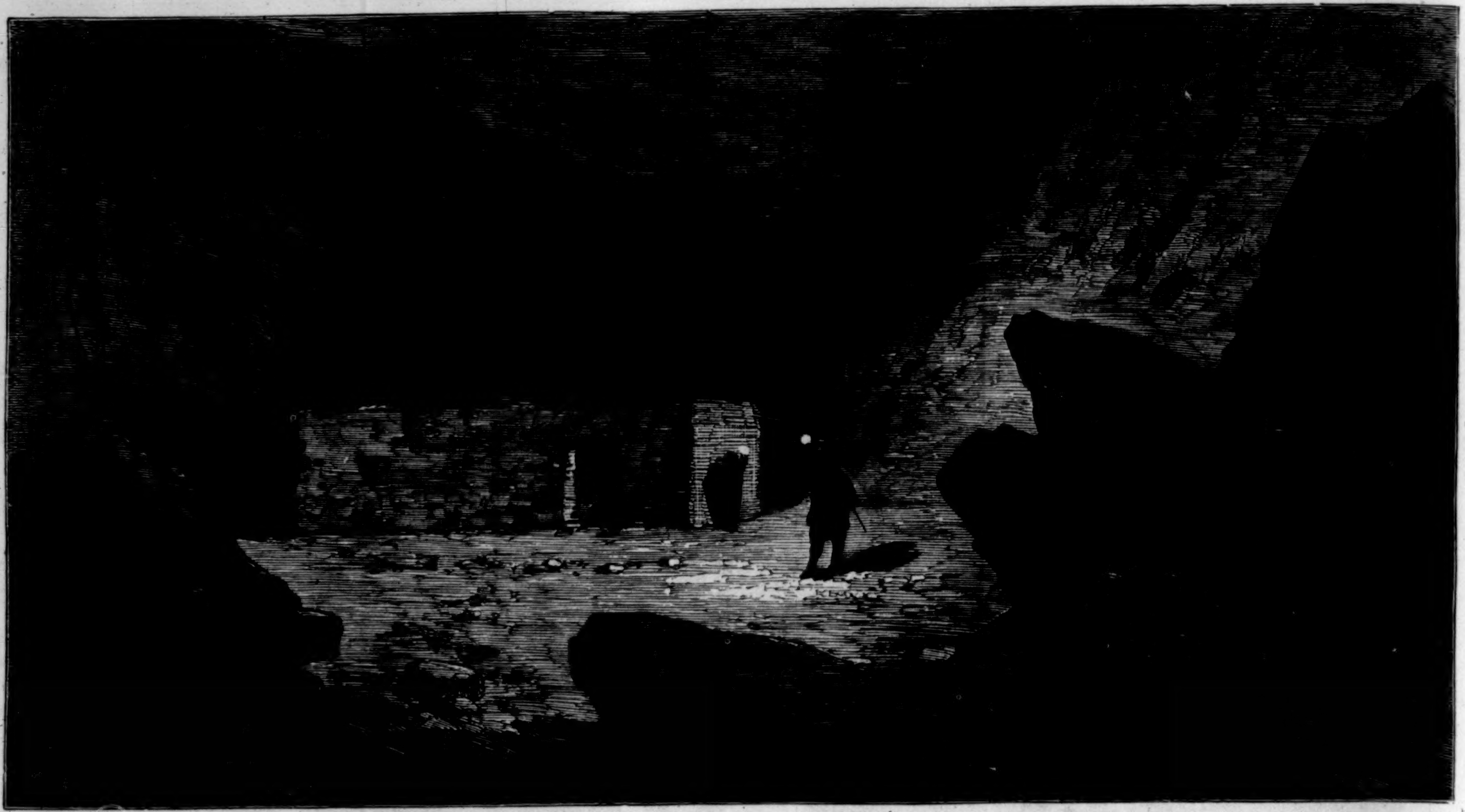


"MOORISH GOSSIPS."—[FROM A PAINTING BY MRS. ANDERSON.]

"MOORISH GOSSIPS."

IT is a common error to suppose that the women of Mohammedan countries enjoy few or none of the pleasures of social intercourse; for, in fact, the prohibition extends only to the society of the male sex. Among themselves both Turkish and Arabian ladies enjoy the most unrestricted freedom, going and coming, visiting and entertaining, according as their fancy dictates. Indeed, their chief resources in the way of amusement are the frequent meetings in the streets, at the bazars, at each other's houses, where they enjoy what Americans call a "lively chat," and discuss affairs, social, domestic, and political (for it is a mistake to suppose that the East knows nothing of petticoat government), with as much gusto as any of the fair denizens of Western climes. MRS. ANDERSON, the artist to whom we are indebted for the painting from which the above engraving has been drawn, has chosen this characteristic of the Moorish ladies as a subject for her brush, and she faithfully portrays the eagerness and enjoyment with which some startling piece of local news is discussed by the fair descendants of the race that at one time ruled the whole of the Western Mediterranean, sent its victorious armies into Spain, and even threatened the majesty of Rome.

DR. ARTHUR LEARED, an English author who has travelled much in Morocco, tells us, apropos of the remarkable taste for obesity on the part of the Moors: "Ladies must be fat, for such is the will and pleasure of their lords and masters. Mussulman and Jew are on this point unanimous. Both are great admirers of the female figure, but in their eyes the Venus de' Medici or the Venus of Milo would have been far from perfect. They sigh for much fuller charms than even RUBENS would have looked for in his models. As soon as a young lady is engaged, it at once becomes her duty to fatten herself if she is thin, and if already plump, to increase this duly. A certain reticence is observed about all this, but the whole mystery was revealed to us by a Jewish lady of Mogadore, who was our patient. The system may be fairly called anti-Bantingism, as the food is made to largely consist of fat-producing elements. The crumb of large loaves, made expressly for the purpose, is moulded by the fingers into great pellets rather thicker and nearly as long as the human thumb. These are called *harrabel*, and in shape they resemble conical cannon-shot, except that they are double cones. From forty to fifty of these are swallowed, by the aid of a little tea or infusion of thyme, after the mid-day meal, and this process is repeated at bed-time. Literally speaking, the operation is one of cramming, differing only from that employed in fattening poultry by being voluntary. The *modus operandi* consists in pressing the big solid mass down the gullet with the fingers as far as possible, so that the act of swallowing must of necessity follow. At first there is, as a general rule, a great repugnance to the operation, with subsequent feelings



THE MAMMOTH CAVE—HOUSE FORMERLY USED BY CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS.

of indigestion. But it was stated to us that habit soon sets both points right, and no inconvenience is experienced. Twenty days of cramming is considered a fair course. By the end of this time, if the general health is good, the increase of *embonpoint* is very obvious."

The high estimation in which obesity is held by the men seems not only to have a great moral effect upon the women, but to make them disregard the trouble of the fattening process. There is no subject about which they are more jealous than that of fatness. If Mrs. A, although an Israelite, partakes of the nature of PHARAOH's lean kine, she regards with intense envy, and consequently hatred, the broad expanse and duck-like movements of Mrs. B. Now, since fatness is a question of degree, and no woman can be too fat, even one fairly well favored in this respect may be eclipsed and rendered wretched by the knowledge that among her friends or acquaintances is a monster of nature or art, or both combined. Thus in Mogadore there was a lady of such immense proportions that when she took an outdoor walk—an event of rare occurrence—it was necessary to have a strong man on either side, so as to support her as she moved and to lift her when she wished to rise; for a third man, carrying a chair, formed part of the procession. On this chair, in the open street, she sat down, groaning, at short intervals.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

THE Mammoth Cave of Kentucky has been so frequently described both in our own and other periodicals that the two engravings on this page will need but a brief mention. The first represents the ruins of a hotel which was built in one of the larger chambers of the cave for the accommodation of consumptive and asthmatic patients, the equable temperature and nitrous atmosphere having been recommended as a remedy for diseases of the lungs. It has been long abandoned, however, invalids having found little or no alleviation for their sufferings, whatever benefit may have been derived from the peculiar air having been more than counterbalanced by the depressing influences of a sojourn under-ground.

The second sketch shows a party crossing the cave river, which has received the sombre name of the Styx.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE—CROSSING THE RIVER STYX.

THE CRUISE OF THE "CHALLENGER."

THE HARPERS have in press an interesting popular account of the cruise of the British ship *Challenger*, written by an officer of the expedition, and profusely illustrated with wood-engravings. The volume, compiled by Mr. WILLIAM J. J. SPRY from his daily journals, forms a concise, readable, and continuous narrative of this celebrated voyage. It is not, however, intended to take the place of the more extended history of the scientific results of the voyage, which are simply named in a cursory and general way, leaving to the scientific director of the expedition the task of dealing at large with these subjects, and the application of the information obtained to the furtherance of physical knowledge.

There can be no doubt that the invention of ocean telegraphy first stimulated the great desire as well as the necessity for a knowledge of the contour of the bed of the ocean. To insure success it was essential to know the configuration and the soundings of the sea, the shape and character of its bed, the nature of the creatures and plants that haunt its depths, the force and set of its currents, the figure and dimensions of the great ocean basins, and the temperature of the water at various depths. With a view to obtaining all possible knowledge of this character, various early sounding expeditions were sent out; but it was not until 1868 that any thing like a systematic examination of the ocean's bed was undertaken in connection with natural history and physical geography. In that year the Council of the British Royal Society secured the steamship *Lightning*, and during a period of six weeks a series of soundings and dredgings was effected between Cape Clear and Galway, on the west coast of Ireland. The following year the ship *Porcupine* was fitted out for the same purpose, and this time the cruise extended to the south and west coast of Ireland, where a depth of 2400 fathoms was reached, with successful results. In 1870 the *Porcupine* was again engaged in the service of the Royal Society; and after proceeding in a southwesterly direction to the farthest point to which the survey extended the year before, the voyage was continued to the coast of Portugal and to Gibraltar.

The scientific and practical importance of the facts revealed by these short and imperfect inquiries was such as to render their continuance a matter of national concern: so much so, that the Council of the Royal Society brought before the government a project for extended investigation, which was eventually approved of, and a committee appointed to prepare the plans of operation. It was suggested that a vessel should be fitted out for a three or four years' cruise, during which time sounding, dredging, thermometric observation, and chemical examination of sea-water should be carried on continuously, with a view to a more perfect knowledge of the physical and biological conditions of the great ocean basins, of the direction and velocity of the great drifts and currents, of the faunæ of the deep water, and of the zoology and botany of those portions of the globe which are at present comparatively unknown.

The co-operation of the government having been obtained, the *Challenger*, a spar-decked corvette of 2000 tons displacement and 400 horse-power, was selected, and the necessary alterations to fit her for the service on which she was to be employed were made in the dock-yard at Sheerness. These having been completed, the ship was equipped with the various necessaries for the peculiar service in which she was to be engaged, and on the 15th of November, 1872, placed in commission. From Sheerness she went direct to Portsmouth, where a fortnight was spent in completing supplies, and on the 21st of December the great expedition sailed from that port.

ANTARCTIC ICEBERGS.

It is not within the scope of the present article to follow the *Challenger* ever so hastily in her voyage of submarine discovery around the world, and, as has been already said, the scientific results must be left to even a larger volume than the one which is now in press. Suffice it to say that the cruise was successfully accomplished and the intentions of the expedition happily achieved. So perfect were the various apparatus with which the exploring party was supplied that they were enabled at every point not only to obtain the sounding and bring up specimens, but also to ascertain the temperature of the sea at every 100 fathoms, from the surface to the bottom, and at the same time bring up samples of the deep water.

But apart from the important contributions to scientific knowledge, the voyage of the *Challenger* has been productive of a vast amount of fresh information in regard to the manners and customs of nations and tribes rarely visited, as well as many vivid descriptions of scenery under every condition of temperature, from the fiery tropics to the ice-bound antarctic regions. The vessel was also provided with an admirable photographic apparatus, by means of which accurate impressions of striking scenes could be preserved. From among the large number of views taken during the voyage for the purpose of assisting the written narrative, several have been selected which will give our readers an idea through what a variety of strange and curious scenes the exploring party passed in their wanderings.

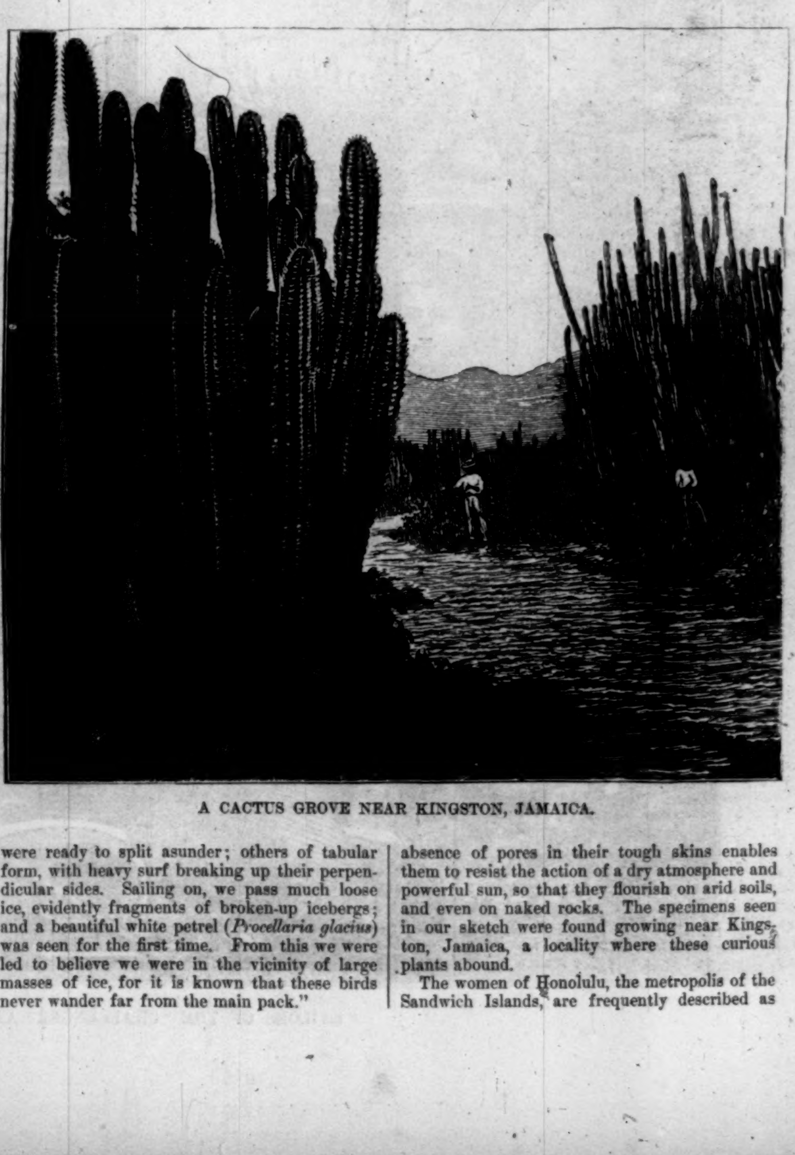
The first acquaintance of the crew of the *Challenger* with an antarctic iceberg occurred on February 11, 1874. In the journal of Mr. SPRY occurs the following entry, made on that date:

"This morning at an early hour we encountered the first antarctic iceberg, bearing east south-east to our course. On passing within a few miles, it was from observation considered to be three-fourths of a mile long and two hundred feet in height. We are now in latitude 60° 52' south, longitude 80° 20' west, dredging and sounding frequently, with good results. From this time the icebergs became very numerous, and great was the excitement on board as we passed these novel sights. The rich cobalt blue tints blending into the white of the ice produced a very fine effect. The weather was very fine, and each day now we continued to meet icebergs of all shapes and sizes, some apparently much worn by the sea into cavities and great fissures, as if they were ready to split asunder; others of tabular form, with heavy surf breaking up their perpendicular sides. Sailing on, we pass much loose ice, evidently fragments of broken-up icebergs; and a beautiful white petrel (*Procellaria glacius*) was seen for the first time. From this we were led to believe we were in the vicinity of large masses of ice, for it is known that these birds never wander far from the main pack."

Four days later they encountered the extensive field of pack-ice, a view of which is given in our engraving.

The next sketch represents the wild and dreary point of land known as Cape York, on the north-eastern extremity of Australia. Here the colonial government supports a small settlement, and the monthly mail between the colony and Singapore makes it a port of call; it is, besides, of some importance as a station for the numerous small vessels engaged in the productive and increasing pearl fishery, which is carried on in the shallow waters of Torres Straits, and gives employment to a great number of South Sea Islanders as divers and boatmen. The half dozen houses forming the settlement are readily seen from the anchorage; but the exploring party looked in vain for the town with its several streets, as shown on the charts. There is only one small store in the place. The remaining dwelling-houses are those left behind by the detachment of Royal Marines when they gave up the place to the Queensland government in 1867. One is now occupied by the agents of the London Missionary Society as a training establishment in connection with the mission they are successfully working at Port Moresby, New Guinea. The colonial government have for some time been endeavoring to establish a settlement here, but the soil is found to be very poor, and the climate any thing but healthy; the chances, too, of frequent skirmishes with the savage natives from the adjacent islands make it far from a desirable locality for settling. On the plains, characteristic of the poverty of the soil, the first objects to attract attention are the enormous pinnacled ant-hills of red clay and sand scattered profusely about on each grassy slope. These singular structures, some of which were ten or twelve feet in height, are of great strength and toughness: on breaking off a piece, they appear to be honey-combed inside, the numerous galleries being then displayed. The proportions which these ant-hills bear to the stunted vegetation around them may be seen in the sketch. The ants themselves are of a pale brown color, and about a quarter of an inch in length.

ANT-HILLS, CAPE YORK, AUSTRALIA.



A CACTUS GROVE NEAR KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

Those who have only seen the stunted cactuses as they appear within the glass walls of a hothouse will learn from the next engraving the size which they attain under conditions favorable to their growth. There are upward of 500 known species of the cactus, and they are all natives of the Americas. Most of them have fleshy stems, either single or branched; they are often very soft and juicy, and they are generally leafless. The multiplicity of curious forms which they display is often very remarkable. They are adapted to endure long droughts, as they vegetate vigorously for part of the year, and then rest. The absence of pores in their tough skins enables them to resist the action of a dry atmosphere and powerful sun, so that they flourish on arid soils, and even on naked rocks. The specimens seen in our sketch were found growing near Kingston, Jamaica, a locality where these curious plants abound.

The women of Honolulu, the metropolis of the Sandwich Islands, are frequently described as